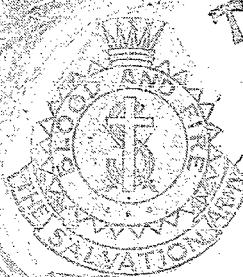


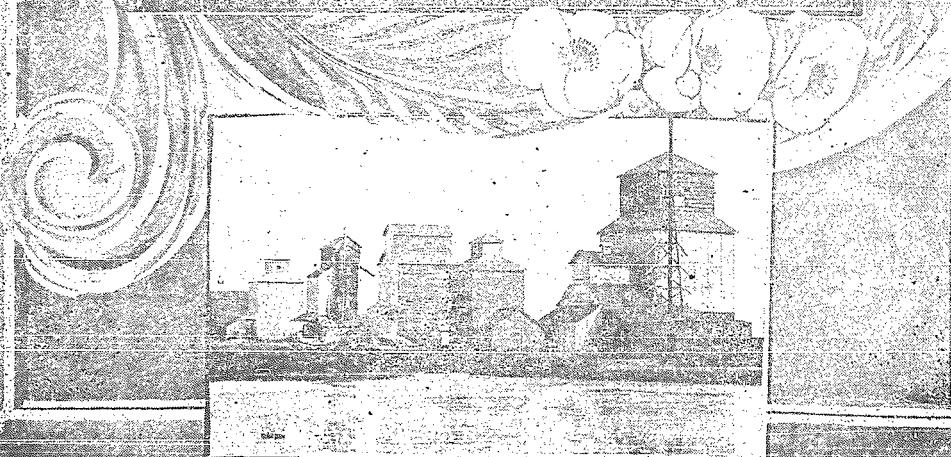
What shall we render unto the Lord for all His benefits?"



THE

WAR CRY

HARVEST FESTIVAL NUMBER
SEPTEMBER 22nd 1900.



A PORTION OF "THE GRANARY OF THE EMPIRE."

Lord, Is It I?

Waving white to the harvest,
Fields of golden grain
Wait the hand of the reaper,
Oh, shall they wait in vain?
Jesus is looking for workers,
Say, is He calling for thee?
My soul, art thou ready to answer:
"Here am I, blessed Master, send me."

Plenteous in truth is the harvest,
Labourers are needed sore;
Swiftly approacheth the darkness,
When thou canst work no more.
What wilt Thou say to the Saviour.
When He shall ask for the sheaves?
Ah! shall He seek fruit from thy fig tree,
And find on it nothing but leaves?

God's Big Shovel.

At an evangelistic meeting held in one of the towns of the Commonwealth, a farmer who had been drinking in the truth, put his hand in his pocket when the collection came on, and flung a handful of silver and copper into the plate. He did so a second time, and was about to put his hand in again for the remaining odd coins when the man sitting next to him said:

"I say, mate, you're shovelling it out."

"Yes," replied the farmer, "but God is shovelling it in, and He's got a bigger shovel than I have."

This God of the big shovel (to use the farmer's metaphor) is the God of the Salvation Army, and yet He does not put His silver and gold directly into their coffers to be used for Him, but He gives some to you, reader, that you may have the joy of giving it out to others for the salvation and blessing of sinners and saints.

The Dirty Road.

A young man once picked up a sovereign lying on the road. Ever afterwards, as he walked along, he kept his eyes steadily fixed on the ground, in the hope of one day finding another. And in the course of a long life he did pick up, at different times, a goodly amount of gold and silver. All these days, however, he saw not that heaven was bright above him and nature was beautiful all around him. He never once lifted his eyes from the mud and filth in which he sought the treasure which was all the world to him; and when he died, a rich old man, he only knew this fair earth of ours as a dirty road in which to pick up money as you walk along.

The Best on Earth.

Looking over some papers a few days ago I noticed these words, "The best on earth." My mind was aroused and I began at once to grasp the depth of meaning that it really contained, and in making comparisons with different manufacturing companies of the world in putting certain goods on the market for the benefit of the public. They do not hesitate in making the very best of their opportunities, but advertise and recommend their goods to the highest degree possible. They are loud in their statements and declarations, and frequently mark and brand them as having no equal. They select the very best salesmen and clerks to deal with the goods. They maintain that they will hold color in any weather or under any sun; yet in a great many cases such announcements are made at the sacrifice of an honest conscience. How often such goods fail to come up to the recommendation, and the firm after all becomes the loser. People often ask, Is there anything to be relied upon?

We say, Yes; this can be recommended and guaranteed as having no equal. It has never failed in its work—John 1:10: "And the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." Again let me ask, Has it any equal? Can it bear to be recommended as capable of doing its work? Yes; it never fails. There are multitudes of dear people all round the world who were once gamblers, swearers, drunkards, thieves, liars, wife-beaters, and workers of numerous other vices; but, by the grace of God, they stand clothed in their right mind. They move in highest circles of society, fill the pulpit, and occupy the platform, and warn sinners to flee from the wrath to come. What an evidence and testimony of the cleansing power of the blood of Christ! We will recommend and publish it, for it is the sinner's one hope for time and for eternity.—Adj't. Parsons.

Some Effects of Sin.

Why shouldn't this old earth be one great paradise? All things herein that God has created are good, beautiful, perfect. Take a flower in your hand, study it closely. Use the microscope, and the wonder increases. It is lovely, perfect. So is the grass, so are the leafy trees, and the luscious fruits.

I sat this cool August Sabbath morning basking in the sun's kindly light and warmth, and looked out over the lawn to the cosy bay, whose waters playfully lapped the beach, and at the clouds which floated purely along overhead. The bees were abrisk with duties, and the birds added their hearty melodies, and all seemed ideal.

And Souris is but one beauty spot—the whole earth is dotted with them.

One thing only is wrong. What is it? Sin! Ah, that destroyer, sin! Without it, there had never been a sigh, a care, a tear, a night, a pain, a sickness, a death—not one! Not a poor-house, not an asylum, not a judge, not a hospital, not a cemetery—not a single one!

Sin has turned the beasts and birds and fishes to be the prey, one of the other.

Sin has so ruined the body and mind of man that it is taking him thousands of years longer to discover and adapt and enjoy the resources of the earth.

Sin has so imprisoned the soul that only a great Deliverer from the Father Himself could ever free it.

Can you not see, comrade mine, reader, what an enemy sin has, and is? Shall you not hate it, make war on it? It is a blighting power. But freed therefrom, by the atoning and cleansing power of Jesus' precious blood, you may have the happy hope of another Paradise, which shall be never-ending and ever-glorious; where other forms of beauty, perhaps more perfect than flower or fruit or tree, shall grow abundantly; where, instead of "green pastures and still waters," there may be yet more wonderful creations of nature by the great Creator, for our comfort, our felicity, our eternal happiness; where our Jesus is the theme and song of ransomed billions, and the King reigneth over a golden city of light.

You may live for the wretched things of earth, for the false and brief pleasures of sin, but I am going to live for the eternal glories of the Gloryland.

—W. A. Hawley.

Mrs. Seddon's Message.

How the Widow of the Late New Zealand Premier
Appreciated the Army's Sympathy.

"Dear Brigadier Albiston,—

"Your message of tender sympathy extended to myself and the members of my family on behalf of the Salvation Army in New Zealand touched us deeply, and we shall ever remember with gratitude their timely sympathy in the irreparable loss we have suffered through the death of my dear husband. It was a consolation to us to have your prayers in our measureless sorrow.

"Our greatest comfort and strength came from the loving assurance as expressed in the following lines from a song of which my dear husband was very fond. May I write them here?—

"When sore afflictions crush the soul,
And rivers are every earthly tie,
The heart must cling to God alone—
Who wipes the tear from every eye."

"Will you please convey to the officers and soldiers of the Salvation Army the heartfelt thanks of myself and family for their very fencing and touching condolence with us in our sad bereavement?

"I am your sincerely, Louise J. Seddon."

A Terrible Contrast.

The people of Canada sheared from God's sheep last year \$2,000,000 in wool. They drew from His waters \$22,000,000 in fish. They gathered from His fowls \$10,000,000 in eggs. They dug from His mountains \$71,000,000 in minerals. They reaped from His fields and orchards, thanks to His dew, drops, rain, and sunshine, \$350,000,000 in crops.

And they gave back for the spread of the Gospel less than half a million dollars.—C. B. Keenleyside.

THE PRAYING LEAGUE

Weekly Motto: "Oh, give thanks unto the Lord." Prayer Topic: "Pray for the success of the Home Festival effort."

Sunday, 23rd.—Blinded by Hate.—Acts xii. 17-18; xiii. 10-11; xlii. 35-40; xliii. 5-9.

Monday, Sept. 24.—Paul's Testimony.—Acts xlii. 10-24.

Tuesday, Sept. 25.—A Roman Citizen's Rights.—Acts xxii. 17-30; xliii. 5-9.

Wednesday, Sept. 26.—The Conspiracy.—Acts xlii. 1-16.

Thursday, Sept. 27.—The Governor.—Acts xlii. 16-36; xlii. 1-16.

Friday, Sept. 28.—Convicted.—Acts xlii. 22-27; xlii. 21-22.

Saturday, Sept. 29.—The Prisoner.—Acts xiv. 1-12.

A PRACTICAL SUGGESTION.

How should a Christian deal with his money? Of whatever income he obtains he should say, "This belongs to the Master. I am to dispose by honest calculation how much I need for the proper maintenance of my life and home, that both may continue to glorify God. All the rest is to be devoted as He may direct for the extension of His Kingdom among men."

Thus, upon receipt of income, the following items should be carefully and prayerfully considered:

1. Necessary for food to the glory of God.
2. Necessary for clothing to the glory of God.
3. Necessary for shelter to the glory of God.
4. Necessary for mental culture to the glory of God.

5. Necessary for recreation to the glory of God.
6. Necessary for ministering to poorer members of my household to the glory of God.
7. All that remains for God's work.

Such a distribution of income would make a great difference in eating and dressing, in home, in mental culture, in recreative indulgence, in sympathetic ministry; and the church would no longer have to beg for assistance for its missionary enterprises from those who are living in rebellion against the Kingdom of Christ. Spasmodic giving would be impossible, and the high and glorious ideal of partnership with God would become in everyday reality. This method, moreover, would maintain the idea of stewardship, and would demand a periodic readjustment of expenditure according to the rise or fall in income.—Sel.

Spiritual Forgery.

A man may use the name of Christ without spiritual right to use that name, just as a man may unlawfully use another's in business. The forger is successful until it is found out. The profane, false at heart may proclaim the truth effectively as long as the hearers believe in him, and may even have a measure of effectiveness after he is seen through, but only those have a right to use the name of Christ who are living in the spirit of Christ. All others are forgers, and their success is the success of forgery. The real doer of the will of God is the one whose purpose goes down to the foundations.

Some will cry, "Lord, Lord," but the orthodox recognition of the Master's lordship is not enough.

"Have we not prophesied in Thy name?" By ability to understand Christ and to interpret His word to others is not enough, great as that ability is; nor is power to cast out devils and to do many other wondrous works sufficient. In our day we are very apt to ask merely for results. If we can get a definite statement as to what a certain man has accomplished, we are very apt to think that practical success is the sign of the divine approach. Success talks, we say, and results count. We are mistaken, however.

Quotations from the Talmud.

He gives little who gives with a frown; he gives much who gives little with a smile.

The noblest of all charities is in enabling the poor to earn a livelihood.

It is better to lend than to give. To give and employment is better than either.

He who seeks a faultless brother will have it remain brotherless.

Who is rich? He who is satisfied with his lot.

Some Bible Altars.

There are several species of altars told of in Holy Writ. Already, in Adam's lifetime one of the earliest scenes of worship offered to the Creator by His creatures is usually pictured around two altars, upon which Cain and Abel offered their respective gifts unto God. No one can think of them without calling to mind the fatal sequence arising from envy and jealousy, and culminating in the first murder.

Noah hastened to erect an altar of thanksgiving almost as soon as his feet touched terra firma after the wonderful deliverance from the flood. That memorable offering was marked by God's pronouncing

His Harvest Covenant with Man,
promising "seed time and harvest while the earth remaineth." By it He also showed plainly that Noah's worship and thanksgiving gifts were acceptable in His sight.

Again and again in the early ages the patriarchs reared their altars unto Him, offering sacrifices, not only for the expiation of sin itself, but quite as pronouncedly for the purpose of worship and thanksgiving.

Frequently when a devoted, humble man desired to commemorate a special deliverance, or his appreciation of God's goodness and mercy to him personally, he built an altar, and laying upon it his best, knelt by its side to renew his vows and pledge his service unto God. Such a moment came to fugitive Jacob, fleeing from the results of his own sin and deception, yet made conscious in the lonely wilderness that there was even for him a ladder up to God's throne, and heavenly messengers to carry up the petition, and bring down fresh blessings. His altar was but a stone, but upon it he poured his sacrifice of gratitude, and pledging himself to serve God henceforth, named that lonely spot "Bethel"—the house of God.

More than once, also, an altar became

A National Monument

of God's favor and blessing.

In this connection we see the Israelites having crossed Jordan's swollen torrent safely, gather by their tribes on the shore to erect an altar unto God commemorating to future generations what God had done for them, rolling away their reproach.

The Harvest Altar.

Not less significant was the ceremony by which the firstfruits of the earth, gathered in baskets, were brought for presentation unto God, and set down before the altar of the Lord. (See Deut. xxvi.)

By a sacred covenant ever, a worshipper was permitted to enter into a fresh compact of service unto God, and great as was the offering, so solemn and binding was the engagement which the Israelite vouches the Lord to be His God, and God on His side avouched Israel to be His people. It was a precious mutual undertaking, vowing to God and ringing His people into closer touch with Him. In it we have surely more than a glimpse of what is more gloriously possible unto us, now that "the new and living way" is opened up, and the Holy Spirit given to those who seek for Him.

Let us not only bring our tithes and gifts, but present our bodies as living sacrifices upon His altar.

Switzerland.

Double Duty for God and Country.

Conscription is general in Switzerland, and few escape the call. Hence ten of our Army officers are leaving, compulsorily, for a term of military service. It is believed, however, that their influence will be such as to help their comrades spiritually in the ranks, and that their training will fit them more completely for duty in God's own Army at the expiration of their term of outside soldiering. The French frontier town of Portbailor, which is near the Swiss town of J'Ahers, has recently been visited by a brigade of officers. Permission was obtained from the Mayor to hold open-air meetings, and seven gatherings were held, with encouraging results. The townsmen were most sympathetic, the attendees were excellent, and Army literature was purchased freely and read with avidity.

The Army's new Social Institution at Basel is prospering, and the officers in charge are full of faith to make it self-supporting.

Hindoos Villages Surrender.

Revival in South India—Heathen Temple Destroyed.

Colonel Jung Singh (Hammond) who has just completed a tour in South India, sends in a most gratifying report.

While he was at Trivandrum he received an entire village that had decided to abandon their heathen practices and accept Christ.

Our officers have been at work: in this place for some time, and all the people, with the exception of eighteen families, were won for God. For a time these people held out, but before the Colonel visited the corps they decided to become Salvationists, and of their own free will demolished their heathen temple and erected the pandal for the Army meetings on its site.

On the same tour the Colonel visited a village in Travancore, where all the inhabitants have become Salvationists, and while he was there representatives from two other villages brought petitions asking that Army officers might be sent to teach them the way of salvation.

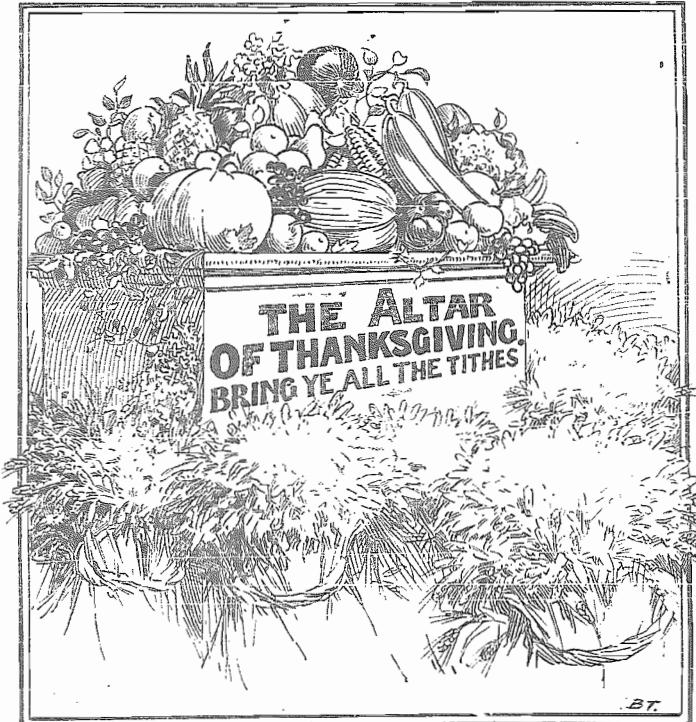
Colonel Nurani, after commissioning a number

Denmark.

Novel Open-Air Meetings.

A fine lot of Candidates have been accepted for the next period of training. Among them is a man who came to the Prison Gate Home a year and a half ago, a poor drunkard, homeless and friendless, but formerly a clever actor. Shortly after entering the Home he became soundly converted, and has since become a helper at the Wood Yard Office, and shown much proficiency as a book-keeper. He promises to make an exceptionally useful Social Officer.

At Copenhagen the Army does not yet enjoy the privilege of holding open-air meetings on the city grounds, but every opportunity is seized for delivering the message of salvation in the back yards belonging to private houses. These gatherings are becoming increasingly appreciated by the residents. The houses are five and sometimes six stories high, and it is customary to have a congregation of nearly a hundred families at the windows. Their liberality is intense and frequently quite spontaneous.



BT.

of native Cadets, sent officers to plant the flag in no fewer than fourteen heathen villages, and she has as many more applications from other villages where the people are anxious to welcome the Army into their midst.

Australia.

A Prodigious Gathering.

Most encouraging reports continue to be received relative to the Corps' meetings at the various centres. The public gatherings have been amongst the largest, most influential, and most enthusiastic on record. Commissioner McKie, in a letter to the Staff, expresses his opinion that the Army is on the eve of fresh life and vigor in spiritual things, and anticipates substantial advances all along the line. The Sydney Social Annual, presided over by the Governor, Sir Harry Rawson, was a prodigious gathering. The great Lyceum Theatre was packed and the streets blocked half an hour before starting time, and the whole meeting is described as simply a wave after a wave of interest and enthusiasm, the Army being lauded to the sky for the work she is doing.

Secrets of Soul-Winning.

In summing up the necessary qualifications for the greatest work entrusted to man, Commissioner McKie puts it tersely as follows:

The successful soul-winner ought to be a man who has the clearest evidence that God has saved him. Without doubt, he ought to know that he is sanctified continually. Any wavering on that point will weaken his hands. He ought to be a man who studies his Bible, and is given to prayer. Not only prayer that God will bless his own soul, but he ought to have certain hours in which he goes to his own room, and shutting out everything and everybody, wrestles with God for the unsaved. The promise is, "Pray in secret, and I will reward you openly." A little bit of fasting is not a bad thing, either. The Lord's answer to His disciples when they asked Him why they could not cast out the devil was, "This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting."

"The patriarchs were shepherds and cultivators of the soil. Job was a shepherd. Moses was a shepherd. David looked well after his flocks. Gideon was accounted by God when he was threshing wheat."—John Clifford, D.D.

The Fourth Week of the General's Motor Campaign.

SOMERSET, DORSET AND WILTS VISITED—A SERIES OF TRIUMPHS IN TOWN AND HAMLET.

By the British Special Commissioner.

The General has again carried everything before him; and as his Herculean-like enterprise approaches its goal it is with sincere pride and thanksgiving that I state that, in appearance, voice, and activity—and I also think in weight—he is better than when he boarded the Scotch express on the night of July 27th. Small wonder the secular press characterizes his efforts as physically phenomenal, and that Salvationists raise their voices and give glory to God.

The General's Endurance.

Here is a simple illustration of the General's physical strength and independence. It happened at the end of a day of terrible exertion, which included two big meetings, and four long speeches in streets and country lanes, and there was no hiding the fact that our dear leader looked a trifle fatigued. When he stepped from his white car a doughty Provincial Commander rushed to his side and offered both arms as supports to climb the steps in front of the hall; but the General pushed aside the offer, and got to the top before my worthy! Just then, however, the Mayor of the town, in all the display of his civic robes—a kindly old gentleman of about seventy—said:

"Welcome, General! With all our hearts we thank you for conferring on us this great honor. Let me help you off with your coat. No! Well, take my arm, sir; you must be very tired. We have to climb a few steps more to the platform, and—"

"Take My Arm, Mr. Mayor!"

The General, briskly taking off his motor-coat, interrupted His Worship by remarking: "Many thanks, but will you take my arm, Mr. Mayor?" The slight emphasis on the personal pronoun tickled the Mayor, delighted his fellow-councilmen, astonished the Mayoress, and made even our worthy P. O. exclaim, "Wonderful!" Again I say, "Let all thank God!"

We started from Bath early Monday morning, on the fourth week of the campaign. Only two towns were on the list for the day's list—Clevedon and Weston-super-Mare; and, with the object, I take it, of giving the General a taste of the ozone of the Mendip Hills, and beholding the awful grandeur of the Cheddar Gorges, the forty, instead of the twenty miles' route between Bath and Clevedon was selected.

But the advised out-maneouevred his advisers. The General stuck in four wayside meetings—at Framborough, Congressbury, Cheddar, and Yatton!

Heaven-Sent Mission.

Of course, it was a rich treat to the natives, who feasted on our leader's words, stood like mutes while he spoke to them, broke into ecstasies when he finished, and made street, lane, and valley ring again and again with their cheers when the white car resumed its heaven-sent mission. It was a day that recalled the times when Wesley and Whitfield made the vaulted heavens their cathedral, and the very same waysides their pulpits and platforms. The General was in excellent speaking form.

The most dramatic event of the day transpired in the Gorges—a part of England that few Englishmen know anything about. If they did, the traveling portion of them, at least, would be more moderate in their descriptions of the Rocky Mountains, or of the cliffs that screen Norwegian fjords. The General, who had never before seen the Cheddar Gorges, frankly told one of his audiences during the day that they formed one of the grandest monuments of nature.

When you descend the fern and heather-covered Mendips, you gradually enter upon a miniature world of stone, which leads to gorges intersected with caves from a few yards to two miles in length—the majority in all their natural gloom, and a few electrically-illuminated. The descent was un-

canny. The inclines are very steep, with prodigious walls of stone on either side, making one feel giddy to look at. The cars were double-braked all the way, and when steered round the sharp curves, one could not but be impressed with the slender bold we had on life itself.

Captain Catherine's Prayer.

The white car halted outside Gough's Cave, shaded with a wealth of foliage, and capped with a wealth of granite. Visitors, tourists, and villagers flocked to the spot, and in the speaking stillness of the gorge, the General rose and talked of sin and misery, holiness and happiness, service and blessing—a straight salvation sermon.

Capt. Catherine Booth (who, to the evident pleasure of thousands of people, occupied the place next her grandfather in the white car) was called on to pray.

This was the first time I had heard her voice in public, and, with pardonable curiosity, I listened intently. Without hurry or excitement, she at once responded to the call. Except for a very slight Mondayish huskiness, her words—crisp, clear, and with a tremor which denoted the tense slacker of the speaker—easily reached the extremity of the company. Their form was simple, and their substance the purest Salvationism.

"O Lord," she prayed, "bless the people who have listened to the words of the dear General. May they not only think over them, but act on them. We thank Thee, O Lord, that Thou hast made it possible for the weakest to become strong, and no matter how strong the habit of sin may be, Thy strength can break it."

We arrived late at Clevedon—a dainty seaside on the banks of the Bristol Channel—the residence of that saintly old friend of the Army, Miss Wells (on whom the General called before leaving), and Mr. and Mrs. Kitching, the parents of Lieut.-Colonel Theo. Kitching, one of the Chief's right-hand men. The General was the guest of the Kitching family.

It was a great day at Clevedon. The Congregational Church was crowded with old residents, Catholics, Anglicans, Nonconformists, and general visitors. The enthusiasm was worthy of Yvelverton town, and the General could not help being much encouraged.

Seaside Waves.

We next roll on to that popular seaside, Weston-Super-Mare, which was entered in the dusk of the evening, but enlivened by our music, brightened by flags, streamers, and bunting, and throbbing with the emotion and exclamations of tens of thousands—so the crowd appeared to us. The heart of the place went out to the General, and from the time that the Town Clerk read the civic address till the benediction was sung, the waves (to use a metaphor peculiarly applicable to the watering place) of sympathy, affection, and admiration rolled in upon our leader.

The finish was delightfully homely and practical. Mr. T. B. Silcock, the M.P., who entertained the General at Bath, moved the vote of thanks, and in doing so made a double hit-out at formality. First he advised everyone to get a Grace-Before-Meat Box, and then he gave a solid reason why those who professed to be Christians, but who were "not doing much at the business" as the General would put it, should join the Salvation Army! I noticed the General pat the M.P. very cordially when he sat down, and he deserved it! The General dearly loves the practical.

Next we had some fun over the seconding of the vote, which constituted another innovation, for Capt. Catherine was called upon by the General to perform this duty. On her feet in a moment, the Captain was a trifle lost, and said so; but either she did not quite clearly say so, or the General did not catch her words—she forgot to formally second the vote! Manifestly proud of his grandchild, and with

the audience revelling in the incident, she mildly corrected the mistake. The Captain, capping the duty by saying, "I owe a debt of thanks on my own behalf to the General permitting me to come with them." The audience were wreathed in smiles.

Mantelpiece Falls.

Next day (Tuesday) we sailed, with a fine bright and a charming sun, for rural Somerset, taking Highbridge first, which was like the malady places visited—gray with color. All did not go well here, however. When the General rose to speak in the public hall a big pane of glass smote and then a mantelpiece fell! The hubbub of oboe market below, in which Caerphilly was selling at forty-five shillings per cwt, was also distinctly heard in the hall. Notwithstanding, General ploughed his way into the hearts of an audience, and everyone was delighted. Our last luncheth at the vicarage.

There came Street, with its marks of progress, smiling children, cleanly-dressed lasses, and enthusiastic welcomes from squire, capitalist, minister, and—best and richest of all—the poor. The meeting took place in the large Crispin Hall presided over by a grandson of the late John Big Mr. Roger Clark, who, among other good the remarked:—

"This is a vacillating and wobbling age. We are uncertain what to believe; but the Salvation Army hold by the simple truths of the Holy Bible and the great central fact of the crucifixion."

General Visits a Dying Soldier.

Before leaving for Frome, the General took time to motor up to the cottage of an old and fat soldier of the corps who lies near the Joe, warred by that scourge, cancer. No one can more acutely for this class than the General.

The streets of Frome, when the cars rushed in, were almost dangerously dense with people, who swarmed round the Town Hall to such as when the civic address was presented that the Town Clerk abandoned reading it, and the white car to wedge its way to the Wesleyan Chapel. The feeling was electric. The usual stiff protest took wing, and I laughed myself at parsons people enjoying the General's stories and illustrations. He gave a magnificent and statesmanlike justification of the Salvation Army. As my remarked to me in his garden later in the evening "It was a speech that made the Army as plain A B C, and that will quench criticism for years to come."

At the Flower Show.

Next morning we rode through a richly-wooded country to the ancient town of Warminster, where a bevy of police, firemen, and Urban Council received the General in great style. Mr. Harvey, the Chairman of the Council, presided, and a vationist moved a vote of thanks.

Warminster will be remembered for two pleasant evidences of goodwill—the chairman's piece of paper, valued at \$250, and the presence of the General at the Flower Show luncheon, at which he said it was a historic day for the old town. Commissioner Higgins—who, by the way, spent a day on the cars—gave vent to a fine piece of language in moving a vote of thanks to the Committee. His words flowed like a rippling brook. Another gaging personality appeared on the scene with the object of studying the campaign—Colonel Moss, of the Editorial Department.

1,800 Post Cards Sold.

After a successful run to and fine meeting Gillingham, the General made Yeovil his objective for the day. The streets were lined with people, bright with flags, the Assembly Room packed, and the platform was highly influential and representative. The one fault about the size of the hall—it could have been filled times over. As indicating the interest in the the officers sold 1,800 post cards of the General previous to his arrival. The photographs were completely filled with portraits of Salvation Army celebrities.

The General's speech produced a magnificently impression, extensive reports of which appeared in the local press. One of the briefest addressed delivered in this campaign came from Oldham, who began in a loud, commanding tone, "You grand old Christian! When the men of the nineteenth century comes to be

big page will have to be given to the noble work you have done."

Population Blocks Cars.

Next day (Tuesday) Chard, Crewkerne, and Dorchester were on the list; but at Stoke-under-Han the entire population practically blocked the cars' progress, and in one of the most humorous scenes—with a fine streak of seriousness running through it—the General stopped and plunged one or two straight truths into the working-man's conscience as to the way he treats his wife. As a remedy, the General would shut him up in a sort of prison till he had learned to appreciate the good qualities of his wife, and begged to be released!

The town was simply captured by the General's geniality. The same may be said of a similar halt at Ilminster. At Chard the attendance at a cricket match was thinned by the more popular event in the town; and as proof of their good nature, the cricketers waited until the General had cleared out before they took the field again. The General was pleased by still another departure from the orthodox way of doing civic functions. Placed on to the civic address was a cheque for five guineas.

Made Two Officers.

Nothing could very well exceed the heartiness of the authorities at Dorchester, the meeting in which town was presided over by the Town Clerk, who insisted on paying for all the refreshments of the Staff.

On the Friday morning the Mayor and Corporation of Blandford—a place where the Army is not now represented—came out to do the General honor. After a slashing address by the General, Councillor Riggs told a capital story about the fruit of the Army's short stay in the town—with just a flavor of a hint that others might not be able to show similar results. "The Army got hold of two young men," he informed us, "who got converted through their instrumentality. One of these young men is now an officer, and accepted for service in Japan, and the other is in similar service in Ireland."

At Wimborne the fine Wesleyan Church, opposite the grand old Minster, was the scene of doings little known in Wimborne. People stood about the place for hours in the hope of getting a glimpse of the Salvation veteran.

The Chairman, Mr. H. O. Chislett, gave a fine testimony in favor of the plain Salvation Soother. "I employ a good deal of labor, and I know this," he said, "when I have a Salvationist who comes to me at the end of the week for his wages, I do not need to ask if he has earned them. I know he has."

The success of the visit to Fordingbridge was qualified by the size of the hall, though the meeting reckoned to have lifted the corps a good few pegs higher in the estimation of the general public.

Next morning, favored with a cool breeze and a dusty road, the General set out for Bournemouth, sweeping a good slice of the River Bourne on the route, and calling a halt at Ringwood on the way.

The Village Blacksmith.

One blacksmith, more zealous than discreet, perhaps, with his smithy near the highway, exploded some percussion caps on his anvils. The report sounded like a gun salute, and as a result a highly-imaginative tale reached town that an attempt had been made on the life of the General.

The ride into Bournemouth was triumphal as a simple pageant, the long stretch of flat, even, well-caused road between Christchurch making it possible to run to perfection. The General was compelled to stand in the white car nearly the whole of the way and acknowledge the greetings of the people. In ones and twos, then in groups, and then in dense patches, gentlemen doffed their hats and cheered, children made the air ring with their merry voices, while at Pokesdown and Boscombe our corps, divided into seniors and juniors, turned their stands into a galaxy of color. It was a fine reception, stirring the heart and feasting the eyes. The climax of it, pictorially and numerically, was reached when the cars dashed into the spacious Square of Bournemouth. The Mayor, Mr. Parsons, informed me personally that neither during his term of office, nor on any other occasion, had he seen such a turn-out of people, and it would have been larger had it been later in the afternoon.

He, with his civic brethren, assumed positions in the Square, and the white car halted alongside the Mayor's carriage, which became the vantage of an

exchange of courtesies, a hearty welcome from the Mayor in the name of the town, and a rich, commanding reply from the General—a heavy task upon his strength, but one that the people appreciated, and testified to accordingly in three ringing cheers.

Sixty-Five Captures at Bournemouth.

Sunday's meetings in the Theatre Royal were fought through under the disadvantages of an intense heat wave. Nevertheless the only man who seemed impervious to the circumstances was the General himself; he toiled with unceasing zeal from noon, and night, and won for the cross sixty-five trophies from all ranks of society.

The Rev. Mr. Moncrieff, M.A., of the Congregational Church, Bournemouth, having taken suddenly ill on Sunday morning, asked the General if one of his Staff would take his place. Lieut.-Colonel Edgar Hee and Brigadier Glever were deputed—the former preaching a simple salvation sermon on "Love," and the latter acting as a sort of curate, doing the reading and exposition. The deacons were grateful.

One of the General's waysides was interrupted by a solemn procession. The remains of a poor demoted pauper lad of sixteen, who had committed suicide, were carried in a plain deal coffin on a skeleton wagon, the chief mourners being workhouse attendants and a couple of old paupers. It was a grim commentary on the cold, cheerless system that the general is pleading so eloquently to be replaced by one more humane.

Sidelights from the Press

On the General's Motor Campaign.

Several of London's popular dailies have given extensive reports on the daily progress of the General's tour, bringing out from the journalistic point of view, numbers of interesting incidents and soldiers gathered from the General himself and the ever-varying kaleidoscope of circumstance which each day's program brought to light.

For the benefit of our Canadian constituency we call a few samples:—

General Booth on His Death.

(Daily Mail)

"Suppose I should die to-night, and the news should flash around the world that Gen'l Booth has gone, what would become of the Salvation Army? Do you suppose I am such a fool, after having expended so much energy and hard labor, as not to have made ample provision for perpetuating my work?"

General Booth, standing in a theatre before 2,000 people at Bath yesterday, thus spoke in anticipation of his own death.

"I have often been asked that question," he added. "Some people seem to think that the Army exists only because I do, and that if I should die the organization would go to pieces; but this is not so. I am not going to die for some time yet, though I may be getting a little old. I wish to say, however, that when I do die, it will be found that every possible means of carrying on the work without me has been provided."

Precepts for Old Age.

He also gave the following precepts for the attainment of old age:—

"Eat as little as possible. The average man eats too much. Drink plenty of water in preference to adulterated concoctions. Water is wholesome nourishment."

"Take exercise. It is just as foolish to develop the mind and not the body as it is to develop the body and not the mind. Have a system. But do not be a slave to the system. If my hour to rise is 8 a.m., and at that time I haven't had sufficient rest, I take longer time."

"Do not fill your life with a lot of silly and sinful pleasures, so that when you come to die you will find you have not really lived. Abstain from indulgences which overtax the body, and injure not only yourself, but the generations that come after you."

"Have a purpose in life that predominates above all else, that is beneficial to these about you, and not to your own greedy self alone."

Secret of the General's Energy.

One secret of the General's surprising energy appears to consist in the lightness of his food. Previously to luncheon with the Mayor of Hanley he sent the following directions for the meal:—

"Take two small carrots, one turnip, and a small Spanish onion. Cut up fine, add a heaped tablespoonful of pearl barley and boil till tender. Before serving add a little chopped parsley and a piece of butter the size of a walnut. Serve with crisp toast. A few green peas added to this soup is an improvement."

Not All Hullabaloo.

During the course of his motor tour the General said in one of his speeches.

"In all the counties I have passed through, from Inverness down here to Dorset, I have seen hundreds and thousands of acres of good land idle, having only a few cows or a few sheep on them from year's end to year's end. I want to remedy that. You might think I am only going round on this tour for a hallelujah hullabaloo; but I am doing something more. You'll see the results of it later if I am spared."

Another Beneficent Enterprise to Benefit England's Struggling Poor.

The acquisition of 300 acres of land near Colchester, for the commencement of the Gen'l's Home Colonization Scheme will be hailed with delight by all lovers of humanity. The property comprises two farms and plans for the development of the colony are being prepared, the question of roads, cottages, etc., being considered. This colony differs from the Hadleigh Farm-Colony, in that it will offer small holdings to those able to undertake the same. B. G. Miller, who has had considerable experience in Agriculture, will make this one of the primary matters to which he will give attention, having been officially appointed by the General to the oversight of the "Small Holdings and Land Settlement Schemes."

Lord Strathcona Expresses Satisfaction with Army Emigrants.

Prior to departing for Canada, Colon' L. Lamb had an encircling interview with Lord Strathcona, the High Commissioner for Canada.

Various aspects of our Emigrant Work were discussed, and his Lordship expressed great satisfaction with the Army's organization and with the class of emigrants we are sending to Canada.

Before sailing for Canada on Friday, Colon' Lamb had also interviews with the Hon. J. P. Whitney, Premier of Ontario, and the Hon. Frank Oliver, Minister of the Interior in the Dominion Government.

Mr. Oliver, who is paying his first visit to England, also visited our Emigration Office, at 22 Queen Victoria St., and expressed his satisfaction with the arrangements made for dealing with this growing business.

Newsbits.

Many old friends will learn with pleasure of two recent promotions in the Oil Land—Adjt. John Scott, now in charge of the Armored Naval and Military Home, to be Staff-Captain, and Staff-Capt. Tom Mann, of the N. H. Q. Special Service Staff, to be Major. T. Mann has now taken to himself a wife in the person of Capt. Leslie Newell, of the British R.A. This month marks his anniversary of twenty years' service under the blue-and-gold flag—and had for a bridegroom!

The Reaper for the Eternal World has garnered another well-known warrior of some twenty-eight years' faithful service—Mrs. Leon C. Jones, R.A. During the last eight years she has been a constant sufferer, nevertheless her husband, the Colonel, who holds an important position on Commissioner Howard's International Training Home Staff, said at the graveside, "She has been my strength. . . . She has always kept before me the fact that we were in the Army to win souls." Mrs. Jones, in her mid-life days was one of an interesting group of four young women who left their homes at Leicester for the Training Home on the same day, the other three being Mrs. Commissioner Coombs, Mrs. Colonel Kyle, and her sister, the late Mrs. Major Wilson. We are hoping to give War Cry readers some reminiscences of this victorious warrior in our Memorial Cry Number.

Facts About Canada.

Canada is 39 years old, dating from Confederation. Canada is 147 years old, dating from British conquest of 1759.

Canada is 373 years old, dating from Cartier's first visit of 1535.

Quebec is 298 years old; Montreal, 264; Halifax, 158; Toronto, 113.

Victoria is 62 years old; Vancouver, 26; Winnipeg, 37.

Of the 48 colonies of the Empire, Canada takes the lead.

Canada was the first colony to ask for and receive self-governing powers.

Her Size.

Canada contains one-third of area of British Empire.

Only one-fourth of Canada is occupied, and only one-eighth is under cultivation.

Canada's proportion of population is only 1.5 to square mile.

England has 558, and the United States 21 to square mile.

Canada has nearly a million square miles of practically unexplored area.

Canada has 13,000 miles of coast line, 7,000 being in British Columbia.

Canada has enough land to give each inhabitant 400 acres.

Canada is larger in area than the United States. Canada is as large as 30 United Kingdoms.

Canada is twice the size of British India.

Canada's Railways.

Canada has 20,378 miles of railway, steam and electric.

Canada's railways have cost over a billion dollars.

Canada has a greater railway mileage than Australia and New Zealand.

Canada's Population.

Canada's population by first census of 1665 was 3,251.

Canada's population in 1763 was 70,000.

Canada's population at Confederation, 1867, 3½ millions.

Canada's population, 1901, 5,371,315.

Canada's population, estimated on June 30th, 1904, 5,604,328.

Canada has more than one-half of the white population of all British colonies.

Canada has 87 per cent. of Canadian-born people—4,671,815.

Canada has 8 per cent. of British-born people—405,883.

Canada's population is 73 per cent. rural; 26 per cent. urban.

Canada's western population 50 years ago, 8,000. To-day it is estimated at 800,000.

Immigration.

Canada received 130,330 immigrants, fiscal year to June 30th, 1904.

Canada received, in 1904, 50,374 from Great Britain; 45,171 from United States.

Each immigrant is estimated to be worth \$1,000 to Canada.

167,000 Americans have come to Canada in past seven years.

They brought, in cash and settlers' effects, \$8 millions—\$250 per head.

The Drouzhba emigration of 8,000 from Russia to Canada in 1899 was the greatest exodus of a whole people ever known.

Education in Canada.

Canada has 20,051 public schools, which are attended by 1,128,532 pupils.

Canada has 30,970 public school teachers.

Canada spends over 12 millions annually on public schools.

Canada has 17 universities, and 53 Colleges.

Facts About Canada's Great West.

Canada's Great West comprises two-thirds of her total area.

Canada has given 57 million acres of land to railways in the West.

1,259,758 acres in Northwest Territories were sown in wheat in 1905; an increase of 20 per cent. over 1904.

Canada's Ranching and Irrigation.

Canada has 100 million acres of grazing land in the West.

800,000 animals are now being pastured in the Canadian West.

522,000 head of cattle were sent to Great Britain in 1903, an increase of 103,000 over 1902.

Canada exported 11 millions worth of cattle and sheep in 1904.

Canada has 500 miles of irrigation canals in Alberta.

The C.P.R. are building a 400-mile irrigation canal between Calgary and Medicine Hat. It will reclaim 1½ million acres of land and make available another 1½ million acres for ranching.

Facts About Canada's Commerce.

Canada's total volume of trade, year ending June, 1904, 464 millions.

An increase of 5 millions over 1903, and 50 millions over 1902.

Canada's volume of trade has more than doubled in ten years.

Canada's total revenue, year ending June, 1904, 70 millions.

Canada's surplus for year ending June, 1904, 15 millions.

Increase in Canada's trade, 12 years, 1893 to 1904, 230 millions.

Canada's Mineral Resources.

Canada's mineral production in 1904 reached 60 millions.

Canada has produced 200 millions in gold since 1862.

One-half of this has come from the Yukon since 1896.

Canada produced in 1904 \$16,400,000 in gold.

Canada ranks fourth among the world's gold-producing countries.

British Columbia has produced nearly 100 millions in gold, all told.

Canada's Yukon gold field is 125,000 square miles in area.

Canada has the greatest nickel deposits in the world.

Canada produced nearly 5 millions in nickel in 1904.

Canada has the best and richest asbestos in the world.

Natural Products.

Canada produces annually 125 million bushels of grain of all kinds.

Forty-five per cent. of Canadians are engaged in husbandry.

Sixty-three million acres are occupied, one-half cultivated.

Eighty-seven per cent. of Canada's farmers own their holdings.

Annual value of farm crops and produce in Canada, 363 millions.

Total value of farm property, lands and implements, 1½ billions.

Great Britain buys 93 per cent. of Canada's butter; 90 per cent. of cheese; 76 of poultry; 99 of bacon.

Total value of cheese exported, 1868, 1 million; 1904, 24 millions.

Facts About Canada's Wheat Fields.

Canada has the largest wheat field in the world—300 x 900 miles.

Canada's wheat-growing area in the West is (per Prof. Saunders' estimate) 171 million acres in extent.

Canada has less than 5 millions of this area under cultivation, or only 3 per cent.

The Canadian West is capable of producing 3 billion bushels of wheat.

Canada's wheat crop, 1904, 80 million bushels (60 millions in the West).

By 1915 there will, it is estimated, be 10 million acres under wheat, yielding 200 million bushels.

Canada ranks tenth among the world's wheat-producing countries.

Prof. Tanner, the English agricultural chemist, says that Western Canada has the richest soil in the world.

Canada's Timber and Pulp Industry.

Canada has the largest white pine areas on the continent.

Canada exported, in 1904, 33 millions of forest products.

Canada has, it is estimated, a million miles of standing timber.

The Dominion Forestry Branch distributed 3 million seedlings.

British Columbia exports 120 million feet of lumber a year.

Canada has over 100 paper and pulp mills.

Canada has the largest pulp-wood areas in the world.

Canada has set apart 12 million acres in forest reserves.

Bandsmen, Attention!

A few instrumentalists are required to complete the complement and play in the new Bell Band now being organized at Headquarters, Toronto. It will be essential for applicants who may be accepted to give their spare time in like manner as other bandsmen, to play for the glory of God and the salvation of souls; also to work and reside in Toronto. They must be good musicians and recommended by both the officer and bandsmen of the corps where they are now residing. For further particulars apply to Colonel Kyle, the Old Secretary, Albert St., Toronto. Mark letters "Bell Band, Personal."

POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC.

Benjamin Franklin published "Poor Richard's Almanac" for some twenty-five years. Instead of prophecies, he enlivened the pages with maxims, many of his own making. One time during his travels, he said: "Nothing gives me so much pleasure as to hear the people quoting my maxims. The following are from 'Poor Richard's':

Lost time is never found again. There are no gains without pains. The cat in gloves catches no mice. He who riseth late must trot all day. One to-day is worth two to-morrows.

If you would know the worth of money, go and try to borrow some; for he that goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing.

Keep thy shop and thy shop will keep thee.

Fools make feasts and wise men eat them.

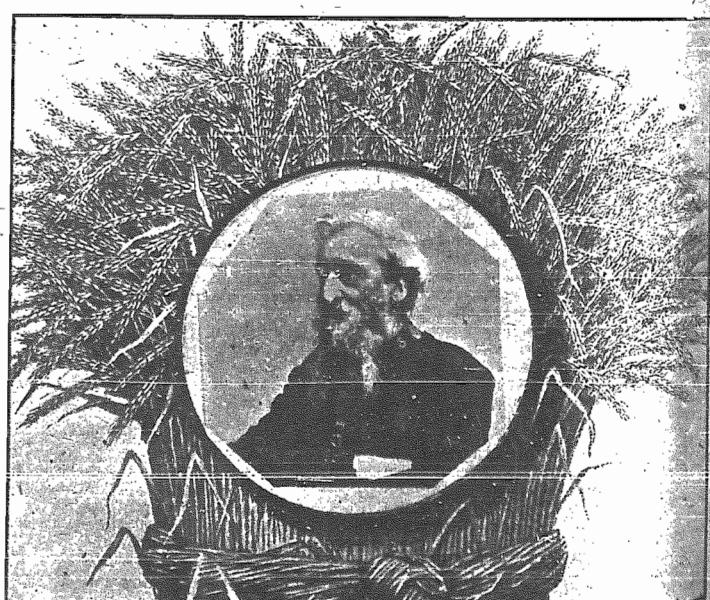
Money is prolific; the first hundred saves the second.

It is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one in fuel.

If you will not hear Reason, she will surely hear your knuckles.

HE OUGHT TO KNOW.

Under existing conditions it may well be assumed that Canada's prosperity and onward progress is now so well assured that for some years to come nothing short of universal calamity can cause more than a temporary halt.—W. G. Parmelee, Deputy Minister of Trade and Commerce.



"With the presence of God and a life in harmony with His wishes, and the good will of all around him, it will be impossible for there to be other than abundance. . . . He that has more than he needs will, out of his abundance, gladly supply his brother's necessity, and he will do this, not of his own free will, but in the acting out of his own loving nature."—The General.

CANADA'S HARVEST GRATITUDE

BY COMMISSIONER RAILTON.

"Think, O grateful, think!
How good the God of harvest is to you,
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields."

—THOMSON.

Very amusing to a stranger is the huge difference between the estimates of the coming harvest, which intelligent editors think it worth while to print and argue about at this moment (August 20th). No doubt it is good, for newspaper harvests anyhow, that so many people like to begin counting up bushels still unripe and disputing how many there are of them.

But the real want of harvesters is the great fact of the situation glaringly apparent to every traveler across the country, and the question, What is to be done to get laborers enough? is anything but amusing just now to many a solitary farmer who earlier in the year "made sure" he should be able to get the needed help at the proper time. Everything seems to confirm one's first impression, that God has poured out upon the land a blessing such as there has been no room in the hitherto accustomed channels to receive.

Crops of Thanksgiving Wanted.

Now, the more sensible and practical question for every reader of the War Cry ought to be: "What shall I render to the Lord for all His benefits towards me?" This query, universally taken up in proper earnest would just produce a sufficient crop of prayer and thanksgiving, of kindness and energetic devotion to strike the world as much as Canadian statistics, reports, and exports, are likely to do later in the year.

It does seem to me that there should be a great national ambition in this direction, for otherwise I see a serious danger to the nation's reputation for sober regard for God and for all that is good. How easy and natural it seems for those who, by God's bounty, are filled with good things, to forget Him, and to become altogether occupied with the things that are seen.

Now, God has raised up His Army specially to counteract all that. Just as the various nations of the earth form great forces to watch their various frontiers, and to make sure that nothing passes upon which they claim a "duty" without payment, so God has set the Army on guard, wherever it exists, to see that nobody should ever be able to stay quietly at home without being reminded time after time of the claims He has upon them.

But the Army cannot do its duty efficiently unless its own sense of the love of God be continually full of freshness and force. What a scandal if any Salvationist should live through a year like the present one in Canada, where prosperity of every kind is flooding around him, without being stirred to renewed gratitude and devotion to God and man! And yet there can be no doubt that the Army must run the same risk in this respect as all other men, and all other bodies of God's people. The very progress of the Army itself, its own increasing crops of harvesters, of penitents, of recruits, and even more, the fine new buildings it is able to raise must needs tend to create in everybody a sense of importance and satisfaction that may easily pull the most watchful into sinful slumber, and make the whole organization useless for its high spiritual purpose.

It cannot, therefore, be possible to cry to God too persistently and earnestly that He may send, as abundantly as the harvest itself, the thanksgiving and the earnest spirit—that keen sense of God's goodness that will make any indifference to opportunities to praise Him, and to arouse others to His claims impossible.

What is Your Own Return?

Should it not be a natural thing for every Salvationist reader of the War Cry, at a time of such abundant outward blessing, to examine very closely into his or her own return of thanksgiving to God? Do your songs abound as much as ever they did? And how about shouts of hallelujah which were not ordered by any officer? Are you as much a shouter as ever? Does it afflict your soul and humiliate you if ever you stand in a great open-air ring and see that there is no eagerness there to praise the Lord, but that most folks seem content to have all the thanksgiving done for them, so far as some sounding brass can do it? Do you mourn now-a-days over the multitude of thankless homes around you,

where the poor children are being trained to forget their Creator in the days of their youth? Whilst the abundance of the land and sea have been so richly multiplied around you, has the love of your soul to God been bursting upward and outward with all the fresh force that hidden Divine springs supply? or have the very occupations that outward abundance brought you so absorbed and burdened you that you have had neither energy nor disposition left to do anything much for the exaltation of Christ?

Beware of Hidden Dangers.

Oh, comrade, never forget the hidden danger that lurks for us beneath every leaf and flower. It has been too common in all the history of God's people for His praise to grow fainter and fainter just as He did more and more for them! It may be a melancholy truth, but it is one that demands our ceaseless attention—that the very blessings that surround us may all become stumbling blocks in the way of our progress. Do be determined that, by God's help, you will never be one of the wedges in the souls who cease to run for God because He has spread carpets of flowers all around them. There is still for every Salvationist the one narrow pathway of the cross, along which God can help him to run gladly to victory, no matter how many pleasing scenes he may have to run through. Oh, that we may keep running to the last, as must those who would obtain a prize!

First and Best.

By Commissioner Lucy Booth-Hellberg.

We were hurrying along the street the other day—my six-year-old Mildred and I—her wee hand clasped tightly in mine, and I had almost forgotten, in my haste, that her little feet had to trot very hard to keep up the pace, when suddenly I felt a tremendous squeeze, and looking down to see what had happened I met a pair of very blue eyes brimful of a child's best love.

"Oh, mamma, I do love you! Do you know, sometimes I think I love you too much," and the little voice almost trembled with emotion.

"No, my darling," I replied, "I don't think you could love mamma too much."

A moment's silence, then: "Oh, you don't know how I love you—and I love papa, too—and JESUS."

Again a moment's silence, and I was just wondering what was going on in her mind when there was another squeeze, and the blue eyes were raised once more to mine.

"But, mamma, do you mind? No; I know you will not mind if I put Jesus first, because I don't think He likes to come after anybody else!"

The tears were not very far away from my own voice, as, bending down to kiss those baby lips, I said: "No, my darling; mamma does not mind one little bit, but wants you always to put Jesus first."

Some little time after that walk Mimmie was taken ill, and in her feverish delirium one night tossing, talking, and laughing, while I sat watching the precious, flushed little face in the light of the fire. Her words of a few days previous came up to me. Over and over again they rang in my ears, and seemed, during the silent hours of the night, to preach a whole series of sermons. "Do you mind? No, I know you don't mind if I put Jesus first, because I don't think He likes to come after anybody else!" Oh, how truly the little heart had spoken. Therein, I thought, lies the secret of so many thousands of spoiled hearts and lives. Jesus comes after somebody or something else! Love of pleasure—love of ease—love of self—love of another get the first place—while the love of Christ comes only the second! Yes, down by Mildred's cot I found myself repeating the words: "Oh, how true! how true even with some of us who believe we love Him best!"

His interests, do they always come before our own? His will, does it always come first? How easy it is, after all, to let the treasures and pleasures of this life take the first place in our hearts and homes, thus giving to Him, who gave them all, only the second place! How easy in the mornings practical and not a mere sentimental thing.

to find someone else's needs to attend to—something else that must be done, and thus the time that should belong to Jesus is filled up. How easy, 'mid the rush and din of the battle, the responsibility and toll of an Army officer's life, the pressure and anxiety of the meetings, the joy and excitement of success, or the sorrow and disappointment of defeat, to let the temptation creep in and take root, to put even the war first, while the King for whom we wage it comes only second.

But, as Mildred said, "He does not like it." Oh, no; He does not like it. Could we expect that He should, when we know the great, great price He paid in order that He might come first? The cross He carried up that steep, steep hill, Calvary, was it not too heavy? The pain He suffered when hanging between those two malefactors, was it not too intense? The love He bore us in that last hour when He cried aloud: "Father, forgive them!" was it not too inexplicably deep to earn Him anything but the right to the very first and best that our hearts have to give? I think so!

The Key-Note of Failure.

Then it was Mildred's pleading, "If you don't mind, mamma," that set me thinking. The little fair face flushed so deep a crimson that the effort to get these words out—the desire to please Jesus and the fear of hurting mamma were both so evident. Mimmie's finger had there struck the key-note to the failure and shame of many of God's followers. Do we not sometimes "mind" Him coming first? Does He always reign supreme in our hearts—the Lord of every motion there? or are there other cares that come before?

What is His place in our dealings with others? How do we use our opportunities of bringing before a lost, wretched, indifferent world the Christ—the Saviour? Are we ashamed to put the things of eternity before the things of time?

This morning only I read again a beautiful testimony to the General's courage and love for souls in those words of Cecil Rhodes in reply to some mocking remark about the General: "I believe in him, I respect him, for he is the only man that has ever had the courage to speak to me about my soul!"

The General did not wait to consider whether Cecil Rhodes would mind or not, or whether the words would sound pleasant in his ears—he only, thought of the man's soul! Now that Ceill Rhodes is where only souls count, how glad the General must be that he hesitated not. How many, or how few, can say the same of us? Is it not too often that the desire not to hurt people's feelings overrules the desire to please Jesus? We fear to offend, and while we are fearing, our chances fly past. We speak of the weather, the people, the country, anything and everything but the Christ.

Oh, for more courage to put Him first. Him last, Him all day long. Oh, for the love that gives birth to such courage—the courage and love shown by that little child!

Do soldiers only go to battle when they are quite sure of having the victory? Nay, is it not where the foe is the strongest, and the enemy's power most deadly that you hear of the bravest having fallen?

The English vice-consul in Algiers gave me a striking illustration of this the other day. His brother, who was an officer in the late South African War, was wounded, having received a bullet through each leg. But, in spite of his deadly suffering, while his blood was streaming and his face going more ashen with agony every moment, this brave fellow snatched up the bag of cartridges, and, unfastening his own gun, began recharging it, saying, when they pleaded to let him go to carry him to the ambulance: "No, no; let me do what I can while I can for my country."

Fellow-officer, comrade, soldier, I pass the words on, only in the Divine sense: "Let us do what we can while we can for our Master!" Let us give Him the very best and first place in our own hearts, minds, and natures, and then push His interests, carry His love, proclaim His salvation to the hearts of thousands of others.

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so Divine,
Shall have my soul, my life, my all."

To love as Christ loves is to let our love be



PRINTED for Thomas B. Coombs, Commissioner of the Salvation Army in Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, and Alaska, by the Salvation Army Printing House, 20 Albert Street, Toronto.

All manuscript to be written in ink or by typewriter, and on ONE side of the paper only.

All communications referring to the contents of THE WAR CRY, contributions for publication in its pages, inquiries about the paper, and other correspondence, should be addressed to THE EDITOR, S. A. Temple, Toronto. All Cheques, Post Office and Express Orders should be made payable to Thomas B. Coombs.



Appointments—

LIEUT-COLONEL SHARP to be Provincial Officer for West Ontario.

BRIGADIER TURNER to be Provincial Officer for Eastern Province.

BRIGADIER HARGRAVE to be Provincial Officer for East Ontario.

ADJT. WILLIAMS to Lippincott St. (pro tem).

ENSIGN BRADEBURY to Morrisburg.

ENSIGN GAMMADGE to Deseronto.

ENSIGN BAIRD to Oshawa.

Marriages—

Capt. Arthur Jordan, who came out of Chatham, Ont., 12.9.02, now stationed at Barrie, to Lieut. Laura Elliott, out of Dovercourt, 24.2.05, last stationed at Medicine Hat, on August 29th, 1906, at Barrie, by Major Rawling.

Capt. Duncan Smith, who came out of Campbellford, N.B., 26.2.03, now stationed at Port Hope, to Lieut. Nellie Berry, out of Sussex, N.B., 26.1.04, last stationed at Amherst, on Aug. 6th, 1906, at Port Hope, by Brigadier Turner.

Capt. Robert Traviss, who came out from Newmarket, 1903, now stationed at Victoria, B.C., to Capt. Maggie Porter, out of Uxbridge, 9.3.00, last stationed at Sudbury, on Sept. 3rd, 1906, at Sudbury, by Major Rawling.

THOS. B. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

The Commissioner's Hopes

FOR A

Record Harvest Offering.

With a more than ordinary rush of salvation business monopolizing the Commissioner's time early and late, it was no easy matter to secure a quiet moment and message for the special Harvest Festival Number of the War Cry. Venturing, however, to intrude on the interval of a hastily-snatched mid-day lunch, the Commissioner graciously lent himself to our quest. We are sure our brave soldiers will appreciate his words and prove their estimate of their value by earnest heed thereto.

"First of all," said the Commissioner, "our hearts ought to be overflowing with gratitude for the bountiful harvest and prosperous times God is giving the country.

"Our thanksgiving should not stop at mere word of mouth, but be clearly shown by our generous gifts.

"I believe there is every prospect that this will be so, and if we, as leaders of God's hosts, add larger faith, and ask for larger things, we should yet get from the people larger gifts.

"The prospects, as far as I can judge them, are for a record increase, and a corresponding increase of souls won.

"What a lovely Harvest Festival gift it would be if five hundred young men and women would offer themselves for officership! This would be the kind of gift I should rejoice in more than anything else."



What We Owe. Surely no country on earth owes more unto God for His bounty and favor than our fair Dominion. In an exceptional manner He has prospered and blessed both land and industry from coast to coast. A glorious spell of fine weather has enabled us to reap the best harvest yet gathered—according to the press—and Canada is surely borne on the crest of the wave of prosperity. It behoves us to bow at His feet in worship, and bring to Him a worthy

offering for the spread of His Kingdom to prove our gratitude. It is simply impossible to measure our indebtedness in this respect.

Whom the Fund Benefits. It is also peculiarly appropriate that we should commemorate the Lord's bounteous gifts by special contributions for the needy in our ranks. As has been widely announced, the proceeds will be given to the various funds for sick officers, poor corps, etc.

"Great Things Expected from Canada." So said Colonel Lamb to the War Cry representative during a chat

at the close of a heavy Sunday's engagements in Toronto, with the thermometer standing at 96 in the shade. Our glorious climate is one of extremes, and no real Canadian is disposed to grumble at it. Is there not a corresponding need be for us to prove "extremists," if you will, in the matter of our service to God? When we give, let it be commensurate with our earnings and gains. When we toil for souls, let it be with that fervor and disinterested self-forgetfulness which lays itself out "to seek until we find," as did our Master, and pray until we prevail. What is more nauseating than lukewarmness? In matters of diet we cannot and will not endure it. When it touches the sentiment, what maid or man agrees to a courtship with only lukewarm affection as a link? In the business world where is the employer who will countenance and reward a lukewarm, indifferent service?

Why should we, then, offer to God anything short of an out-and-out, whole-souled, red-hot devotion which reaches the pocket-book, demands our best service, and engages the full use of all our powers for God's Kingdom seven days a week? Oh, yes; God and the Army expect great things from Canada during this harvest commemorative week.

WHO LEADS?

Last year the Eastern Province took the lead in its Harvest Thanksgiving returns, providing only a few dollars short of \$5,000. This year which Province aspires to the enviable place of honor?

The Commissioner and Colonel Lamb AT THE TEMPLE.

RED-HOT SALVATION—THERMOMETER AT 96 DEGREES—THE COMMISSIONER IN GOOD FORM—OVERFLOWING NATIONAL WELCOME TO THE ARMY'S CHIEF OFFICER OF INTERNATIONAL EMIGRATION.

In spite of the sultry weather good crowds came to the service in the afternoon. The band played some excellent music and the Male Quartette sang. As is usual in the Commissioner's meetings, some good, blood-and-fire testimonies were given. One brother in particular referred to the patience of Colonel Lamb in dealing with him, and said that he owed his present position to-day largely to Colonel Lamb's influence. The Commissioner read the lesson and spoke with power, and Colonel Lamb gave an address in which he brought the Emigration Work to the front, and gave some good, sound advice to new arrivals in the Dominion. Colonel Pugmire then took charge of the prayer meeting, and one soul was won for God.

A Stirring Sunday Night's Battle.

Those who missed Sunday night's meeting at the Temple suffered loss, from an educational standpoint. It was one of those meetings which, while not boisterous, makes a definite mark upon souls.

The Commissioner was surrounded by a strong Staff. Our International visitor, Colonel Lamb, is a host-in himself. The Chief Secretary, radiant in a red jersey—type of old-fashioned Salvation dom; Colonels Gaskin and Pugmire; Brigadier Howell in true gala form, inasmuch as immigration was certainly "taking the cake"; Brigadier Southall beaming appreciation, and Brigadier Taylor, the Illustrious Provincial Officer, etc., etc.

The Male Quartette rendered good service to the meeting, and the Temple Band played its best.

Heartiness and deep spirituality marked the opening exercises, and then the Commissioner (by whose side sat dear Mrs. Coombs) rose, Bible in hand, and gave us a beautiful reading from Rev.

Further Information

Concerning the Western Province

THE DIVISIONAL SYSTEM—DATE OF INAUGURATION.

It is now possible to give the extent of the Western Province, over which Lieut-Colonel Sharp is placed, with Headquarters at London, Ont. It is formed by the amalgamation of portions of the former Provinces and the New Ontario Division covering a large area. From Windsor, in the south west, to New Liskeard, in the north, and on to the North Pole if so be that the enterprises of worthy Scotch P. O. should be so far-reaching.

The re-division of the Provinces into large Districts, and the abolition of the old District system may be accepted as an act of progress. The District system has come and gone; it served its purpose well, but the opinion is almost unanimous that a change is necessary.

The Divisional system is the authorized Army plan in operation, with few exceptions, in all countries throughout the world, and is well adapted to the present requirements of the Dominion.

The Western Province will, for the time being, comprise three Districts, having Divisional Officers stationed at London, Hamilton, and Orillia, respectively. London will be the Headquarters of a Provincial Officer. The change will officially take place on October 1st. The Divisional Officers in the future give close attention to the needs of the officers and corps. The benefit of the officers, the corps, and the salvation of the people is the primary consideration that is contemplated in the introduction of this new system. The names of the officers for the newly-created Districts will shortly be made known. May the blessing of God rest upon the new Western Province.

God's Harvest Covenant:

"While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest shall not cease."

Nothing stands between us and starvation but the harvest covenant of our Father in heaven.

xvii, with forcible comment here and there. "They shall see His face," was beautifully and graphically illustrated by incident and comparison which the crowd thoroughly enjoyed.

Brigadier Howell spoke representatively of the warm welcome extended to Colonel Lamb by former compatriots, to whom he had lent so freely a hand; then Colonel Kyle, as Chief Secretary of the Dominion, spoke for the wider circles, comprising all sections of the great Salvation Army, also anxious to make the General's Chief Education Officer feel the brotherly affection with which he was greeted on this side. As is his wont, Colonel mixed a salutary spice of strong spiritual meat for the souls of all present in his few remarks.

Colonel Lamb's Address.

"A thousand welcomes to you," exclaimed the Commissioner as the Colonel rose, and swiftly and adroit skill, the latter turned the thoughts of all present from the material to the spiritual, from fleeting to the eternal. His address was brief, of interest, incident, and illustration, which, with arrow-like precision, lodged between the jaws of many a man's unbelief, and dislodged apathy and indifference. Drawn from his own experience, Colonel drew powerful lessons, and despite the heat and the fans, God's Holy Spirit used the moment. The Commissioner drew in the net, assisted by Lieut-Colonel Pugmire. Very deliberate and measured were some of the nine surrenders which followed, while angels rejoiced and God's people praised and prayed. The Colonel was besieged with new converts, who held him until a late hour, and carried the most of his visit on behalf of the then and future Canadians.

A Chat With Colonel Lamb.

IMMIGRATION—COLONISATION—AND SALVATION.

Packed into the brief space of three weeks, Colonel Lamb, the Chief International Emigration Officer of the Salvation Army, proposes to see for himself something of the immense—and one may add measureless—resources of this country. Having journeyed from the East, taken a hurried trip across the border, and returned to Toronto, where a full program, early and late, occupied his time, the Colonel set off with the Commissioner on a prospective tour of North Ontario, accompanied by the Ontario Minister of the Interior, the Minister of Agriculture, and the chief colonization Government official. The Colonel's objective is to gather information, and the journey in no way commits the Salvation Army, but he will cross the country, from coast to coast, and see for himself what prospects entice immigration on large scale.

The General's Interest.

"The General has a warm place in his heart for Canada," says the Colonel.

He knows something of its vast resources, and regards it as a most satisfactory country to which to direct the tide of emigration, not only because of its natural wealth, but because it is essentially the poor man's country. The poor man is welcome—if he be industrious and sober.

Again the General recognizes that there is here a strong religious and moral sentiment, which prevails more or less through every walk of life. He is, therefore, watching the movement with great interest, and evidenced the fact again by sending for the Colonel before his departure to spend some time with him in converse on the subject during his late motor campaign through rural England. Indeed, the General has devoted a large amount of time and study to this topic, and has given Colonel Lamb the benefit of much valuable counsel and advice again and again.

What Has Been Done.

It seems almost incredible that so vast a number of people can be uprooted from native home and land, transferred from country to country, in one brief summer, and yet there be so small a percentage of "back-wash" as Brigadier Howell terms it.

Out of thirteen thousands persons who have been sent out by our British Emigration Department to Canada during the past summer, not fifty complainants have been heard.

The Colonel has laid himself out to personally see and meet with his former protégés, who appear to regard him somewhat as a kind father—judging from the way they swarmed round him in Toronto, anxious to grip his hand, and assure him that they were doing well, and retain grateful remembrance of his care and best efforts for their welfare.

Our Commissioner, with his thoughtful consideration, had even planned a social cup of tea, where those within reach of the city could meet the Colonel, and air their grievances if they had any. The occasion was dearly valued, and provided an opportunity for more fatherly advice and sound spiritual counsel. If the Colonel remembers all the warm messages to be conveyed to friends and relatives on the other side he will do well.

As to the grievances—there were just a few penitent ones who came to the Colonel to apologize for having in past days worried him and his departmental officers by complaining over episodes incidental to travelers, and for which the S. A. could not properly be held responsible. The new colonials have learned wisdom since then, and have experienced so many blessings and benefits in their new clime that they would fain forget they ever complained over any trifling discomforts endured whilst crossing the bridge from dire want and privation to plenty and prosperity. "In fact," says the Colonel, "nobody wants to go back!"

First Impressions Deepened.

Colonel Lamb's first impressions of Canada, derived from a visit some three years ago, have been more than verified. He saw then that there was room for any number of the right sort of people, and the fact that the nation has absorbed 20,000 immigrants since then with such apparent ease, and is still crying out for more, is proof positive of the assertions made to him on all sides by prominent officials, merchants, and business men that

Canada could as readily receive and profitably employ 100,000 of the same class of people per year. Asked if he was satisfied with the manner in which the Army and the country on this side have received the new-comers, the Colonel became emphatic.

"I am more than satisfied with the way they are dealt with here," said he.

"Is there as much eagerness in Britain to avail of the advantages Canada holds out to the emigrant as there was, Colonel?" we asked somewhat tentatively.

"The rush in England is about as great, although trade is better than it was. The state of England is so congested that wholesale emigration can be carried on for years without detriment to the British home labor market, or disturbing the economic and mercantile conditions at all."

The Country's Fitness.

"With the arrangements now being made," declared the Colonel, "I believe next season Canada



COLONEL LAMB,

Chief Secretary for Emigration at our International Headquarters.

will have the best immigration system in the world. The organization of the Army is better suited to this work than any other in existence. We have about two thousand corps in Great Britain, and almost every one is an emigration agency. Bills announcing our emigration work are to be seen in all our barracks. Then, the scope of our operations is international. We send people to all parts of the world. Naturally, we want the British subjects to go to British colonies and stick to the flag. That is why Canada has been the field, so far, of our most extensive operations. Of course, you are near.

"One secret of the Army's success lies in the fact that we are one organization all over the world. The same institution that finds a man out of work in London, England, brings him across and sets him down in London, Canada—or preferably on a farm somewhere in the Dominion. The hundreds of corps and thousands of soldiers and friends we have here enable us to do this satisfactorily."

The General's Home Colonization Plan.

As mentioned previously, the General has formulated a Land Colonization Scheme for Great Britain, which commences to take shape by the acquisition of an estate of some 300 acres, to be sub-divided into small holdings, the property being situated in Essex.

"Will this experiment affect the tides of emigration?" we ventured to ask Colonel Lamb.

His answer was reassuring. There are many people who are bound to the Mother-country by ties they cannot sever, and for these the General's additional spoke to the wheel of industry will prove a boon indeed. It will not, therefore, really affect the class eligible for colonial emigration at all. The world, and above all Salvationists in particular,

ought to know by now how wide are the sympathies, and loyal and true to all suffering humanity, is the heart of our beloved General.

"We might multiply such schemes one hundred-fold," said Colonel Lamb, "and they would not really hinder the free distribution of people throughout the Empire."

Wider Fields Still.

A special Commissioner is being despatched to the South American Republics, by the General, to see what can be done towards placing people there, who would not be considered satisfactory immigrants in Canada, from point of language and blood.

And so the great Salvation Army chariot rolls all the more merrily round the world, because it is continually making the addition of a new car or trailer to its methods for blessing and saving humanity.

Colonel Lamb's closing words to the War Cry representative were freighted with a holy insight and faith for wide fields of future blessing when he exclaimed:

"The true wealth of a nation lies in a contented, industrious, and God-fearing people, and Canada is going to be a wealthy nation indeed."

Without stretching imagination the War Cry believes it!

Chief Secretary's Notes.

The first item of interest is, of course, the Harvest Festival. All over the Territory at the present time our comrades are working to make known the goodness of God in the harvest, and to call upon people everywhere to recognize the greatness of His mercies. No one need be afraid to ask for money for the Kingdom of God at such a time as this. May the Festival surpass all others.

The Fall Councils are at hand. Great preparations are being made to make them surpass anything yet seen. The Ontario Councils will be held first this year, in Toronto, from October 10th to 15th. Great meetings will be held in the Massey Hall on Sunday afternoon and night, and it is expected that the unique character of the meetings will create great interest. Soldiers and friends from the country should not fail to visit Toronto for the council. Half-rate fares will be arranged with the railroads.

Colonel Lamb has been busy with immigration matters during the past few days. His investigations of the work done on this side last year were very satisfactory. A number of immigrants came to see him at the Temple, Toronto, last Sunday afternoon and night. At the close of the meetings he interviewed at least fifty or sixty people, and not one made a serious complaint. On the other hand, they were full of thankfulness for what had been done for them.

Colonel Lamb and Colonel Lamb have gone to New Ontario with a Ministerial party to view the land north of New Liskeard. Afterwards they will proceed to Winnipeg and Vancouver, on a flying trip. It is unnecessary to say that the Colonel is anxious to see the country to which he is sending thousands of people next year, and Canadians have no fear that these investigations will only assure him of the capability of Canada to hold thousands more.

The new Divisional System will come into operation on October 1st. Lieut.-Colonel Sharp is at London, organizing his Headquarters and preparing for the responsible work that is in front. In the managing of the great Western Province. The names of the D. C.'s are not yet ready for publication.

The war is progressing all over the Territory. Staff-Capt. Morris, of Newfoundland, is having all kinds of victories. The latest, but by no means the least, is that he has secured from the Railroad Company of Newfoundland half-rate for all officers, on the railroad and passenger steamers, which is a great concession, and one that will be immeasurably helpful in the days to come. Proposals come into the Chief Secretary's Office for advances in every direction. May God bless the Staff-Captain abundantly.

Commissioner Railton Visits the West

IMMENSE CROWDS FLOCK TO HEAR HIM BOTH INSIDE AND OUT—INTEREST CREATED LEFT A GOOD IMPRESSION UPON THE CITIZENS OF VANCOUVER.

Brandon, in the Northwest, is to be the possessor of a new Army hall. The progressive C. N. Railroad have purchased our present barracks and land, and another site has been secured, more central and valuable. We will have a splendid citadel in Brandon.

Brigadier Collier, who has been resting for more than two months at Watford, in West Ontario, has regained his health and is ready for an appointment. His familiar form was seen around Headquarters last week. It will be interesting to his friends to know that he is appointed to the Social Department at Headquarters, under Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire.

Ensign Peacock, who has been attached to the New Ontario Divisional War Office, has been transferred to the Immigration Department, and Capt. Ritchie, from St. John, has succeeded him.

A new building is in course of erection at Sydney Mines. Ensign Freeman is the builder. It will soon be ready for opening, and Brigadier Turner will no doubt be privileged to perform the interesting ceremony.

Brigadier Burdett writes of the Prince Albert building that it is excellent in every respect, and a great acquisition to the Army in that Northern City. Ensign Lacey has been there some months, and is no doubt making it an excellent job.

There is the sound of builders and carpenters at Territorial Headquarters, and necessary alterations are being made. The fact is, we are outgrowing our present accommodations, and it is found necessary to provide new offices for various Departments. The Immigration and Social are too big for their quarters, and the Financial Office has been compelled to shelter some officers who do not necessarily belong to that part of the premises. When the alterations are completed it is hoped everybody will be satisfied.

Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire has been invited to attend a Prison Conference at Albany, N.Y. At this Conference are gathered year by year the principal students and authorities on penology, and as the Colonel is so interested in the bettering of ex-prisoners, the information he will obtain at this Conference will be very helpful to him. It will be a good thing if he has an opportunity to speak and represent the great work being done by the Army throughout the prisons of the Dominion.

... on the results of his resig...
... and expressed the...
... for his...

owing to...
departure of the...
could not get away. / Br...
warm reception, and "has all sal...
God bless him abundantly in his new com...



Two Members of the Drunkard's Rescue Brigade at Work in Germany.

We had been looking forward to the Commissioner's visit to Vancouver for some time with great expectancy, nor were we disappointed. On Tuesday morning the Imperial Limited steamed in right on time, bringing with it Commissioner Railton. Brigadier Smeeton, our P. O., and his Staff gave him a real hearty welcome to our western city. The Brigadier unfolded a large program of meetings for the Commissioner to conduct, which met with his approval and delight.

Officers' Council.

About thirty officers assembled on Tuesday afternoon to hear the simple old-fashioned truth. The Commissioner gave us some real good pointers on "how to catch the masses." He said, "Stick to the simple, plain Salvation Army ways," and pointed out how some other organizations had drifted away from God and the path which He intended them to follow.

Pender Hall

was well seated at night. The Commissioner was announced to speak on "Japan After the War." Many Vancouver business men availed themselves of this meeting, and were delighted with the Commissioner's address.

One man came all the way from Washington Territory especially, and he went away filled up with the missionary spirit.

I noticed at the door the Commissioner's hearty hand-shake of an Indian Salvationist, and a shout of "Hallelujah!" rang through the hall, the Indian remarking: "What a time we shall have when we all get to heaven!"

In Japanese Church.

The Commissioner was much at home in the Japanese Church on Wednesday night. We had an open-air prior to this, and the band did good service in Chinatown, where hundreds of Chinese listened. When we arrived at the church we found it nicely filled with Japanese. The pastor interpreted the Commissioner's address, which was much enjoyed; in fact, the pastor got so warmed up at the finish that you would have taken him for a Salvationist, only for his garb!

The Commissioner Visits New Westminster.

Capt. Sainsbury (the officer in charge of the corps) had arranged to have the meeting in the Reformed Church. Some two ministers and about a hundred people were present. It was quite a treat for the New Westminster people. Everybody was delighted with the Commissioner's address. A touching scene at the close of the meeting occurred when the Commissioner was pleading with a drunken man to get right with God. This was an example to salut and sinner to make the most of our time.

Holiness meeting in the barracks on Friday night proved to be a very stirring time. Four seekers came forward. On Saturday Brigadier Smeeton accompanied the Commissioner to Stevenson to see the salmon canneries, and on our return we had half an hour to wait for the car, so the Commissioner proposed that we should have a meeting. This we did, and we trust that some day we shall hear of some good being done through that little open-air service.

Sunday and Monday with Commissioner Railton at Vancouver.

Who is there who pretends to know anything of Salvation Army history who has not read of Commissioner Railton, his travels, and unceasing toil on the old-time lines? When it was made known at the Pender Hall gathering on Tuesday night that the Commissioner was to remain over Sunday and conduct three meetings—forenoon in the barracks, afternoon and night in the City Hall—all the S. A. portion of the city was simply delighted, for he had already captivated our hearts.

Sunday came, bright and beautiful, and the Commissioner turned up for the open-air preceding the holiness meeting, and took hold with his well-known energy and desperation. His utterances were quick and powerful and brought the vast crowd, always to be found at a Vancouver open-air, to see themselves as they are in the sight of an All-seeing Eye.

Inside he dealt out striking truths, and at the close of his address one young man yielded himself to God for service.

In the afternoon the open-air was divided into brigades, and the Commissioner, with his great anxiety for the souls of these crowds of street-corner worshippers, went first to one and then to the other, and at each gave out strong arguments in favor of God and His Kingdom. Then he went to the J. S. meeting, where he addressed the junior, while Adj't Hayes led the corps to the City Hall, where she had got a good start on when the Commissioner, accompanied by Brigadier Smeeton, arrived. The Commissioner almost immediately took hold and led a free-and-easy, after which he gave two invitations—one to the Christians to consecrate themselves for public service, and to the unconverted to seek salvation. The Commissioner had a word and a hand-shake with a great man. Brigadier Smeeton took the bridge and kept up a steady fire from his position, but none would yield to the claims of God.

At night, moved by a great love for the souls of the people, the Commissioner addressed three large open-air gatherings—at each brigade, operating in different localities, going from one to the other. His strong, persuasive arguments gripped the throngs. Then we all marched in a body to the City Hall, where a splendid crowd had gathered, the sight of which enthused and inspired the Commissioner; but he said he did not want to occupy all the time himself, and called upon the different officers on the platform to have a word of testimony, believing the united testimony had more effect than the testimony of one. Each seized the splendid opportunity, after which the Commissioner commissioned Brother and Sister Earlandsen, who were opening up the Scandinavian work as Envys. Mrs. Earlandsen spoke in her mother tongue, and was interpreted by her husband. Mrs. Smeeton then soloed, and the Commissioner spoke of the testimony of St. Paul before King Agrippa, and pulled in the net. A long and well-fought prayer meeting brought nine seekers to the mercy seat.

Monday, being Labor Day, Adj't Hayes, the officer in charge of the corps, took advantage of the great crowds of pleasure-seekers on the streets and conducted several open-air meetings, commencing as early as half-past nine in the forenoon, and continuing, with but little interval, till half-past seven at night. Commissioner Railton took part in all these efforts.

At the barracks at night a farewell social was held for the Commissioner, who was leaving Canada for Japan and China; for Cadets Nutt and Hockings, who are leaving for the Training College, Toronto; for Brother Flint, who is leaving for his home in France, and for Capt. Richards, who is leaving the Men's Social here for Nanaimo. We say farewell and God-speed to all these comrades.

A Precious Example.

Since the arrival of the Commissioner he has conducted sixteen open-airs, eight indoor meetings, and spoken to nearly two thousand people (indoors). Ten souls have sought and found the Saviour in these meetings.

The example of the Commissioner will never be forgotten. His love for his work, his love for souls, and his love to God makes him an ideal out-and-out Salvationist. We all join in one voice "May God spare his life for many years to come!"—T. B. and H. W. C.

Lieut.-Colonel Margets at Lippincott

Accompanied by two of his boys, and well supported by Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin and other officers, the genial Young People's Secretary of the United States made himself quite at home in Lippincott barracks on Wednesday night last. The boys added quite an item to the proceedings by their reciting and playing. The Colonel spoke at some length on his five years' warfare in the States, and his address was well supported by anecdotes, graphic descriptions of scenery, and thrilling stories of revival work amongst the young people of the great Republic. The visit of the Colonel to Canada will no doubt arouse more interest in this important branch of our work, and we wish him continued success wherever he goes.

Canada's Social Work Gives a Good Account of Itself.

Prison and Social Notes.

By Lieut-Colonel Pugmire.

Police Court Missioner Clarke, of the West, reports wonderful times in the Regina Jail. In a recent meeting sixteen asked for prayer to help them to live for God and right.

Adjt. Collier recently had an interview with a murderer in the New Westminster Jail. We trust the poor man has been helped God-ward by the Adjutant's words.

During the month of August Staff-Captain Hay received nine cases from the Toronto Police Courts. Instead of being sentenced to a term of imprisonment, they were handed over to the Army. Five were found employment, and the balance sent to their friends.

During the month Ensign Parsons gave meals to 166 prisoners at the Police Station, Halifax. The Chief of Police has made this arrangement with the Army, and the city pays the piper. One hundred and sixty-eight awaiting trial were interviewed and much good has been the result.

Capt. Forbes states the saved boys in the Reformatory at Sherbrooke take turns at leading meetings amongst themselves. This is splendid.

A man who got saved in one of Adjt. Collier's meetings at New Westminster Jail, after his discharge, as a thank offering, handed the Adjutant a handsome donation towards the work.

Two prisoners, in response to our appeal, have recently been pardoned, one of whom is now a Salvationist, wears the uniform, and testifies distinctly to a full salvation. The other, a young man in Toronto, the son of a physician, was taken to his parents' home by Capt. Mardall. There were great rejoicings in that home. Hallelujah!

We are grateful to all P. O.'s who manifest such an interest in the work amongst the prisoners throughout the Territory, nor can I say how much we appreciate all the loving toil of F. O.'s and soldiers who assist in the work.

Staff-Captain Fraser has enjoyed a well-earned furlough. His influence for good at the Central Prison and Toronto Jail is great.

The following figures for the month of August will give readers some little idea of the work being done:

Prisoners interviewed	1713
Prisoners sent on Discharge	63
Prisoners given Employment	47
Meetings held in Prison	117
Prisoners Claiming in favor of Christ	96
Army Publications given	1689
No. of Meals given Discharged Prisoners	100
Discharged Prisoners helped with Fares	38
Nights' Lodgings given Discharged Prisoners	90
Articles of Clothing given Discharged Prisoners	57

We give God the glory.

Regina Prison Gate Work.

Special meeting held at Regina Jail Sunday morning, Aug. 26th, assisted by Bro. Mollon. Thirty-eight prisoners present. Splendid meeting. Men glad to see us, and joined heartily in the singing. Most earnest in their attention to hear the message of a Saviour's love for them. Sixteen testify to realizing that the Saviour died for them, although prisoners, and asked for the prayers of God's people. For these expressions we give the Father all the praise. He is surely opening up our work here, and we say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless and praise His holy name."

This meeting makes the third held in this jail in five weeks, whereas previously we only had the privilege of the fifth Sunday, or one meeting every three months.

A prisoner on parole was met this week, and we fixed him up and started him to work inside of twenty-four hours.

We are in for winning the inmates of the Saskatchewan Jails for God.

September engagements to visit Moosomin, Prince Albert, and Saskatoon Courts and Jails; and Regina daily when needed.—Walter C. Clark, Provincial Court and Jail Missioner.

Inasmuch.

"Come, ye blessed of My Father, To your home prepared in heaven, Which was from the earth's foundation To the righteous only given. For, when once I was an hungry, And a stranger at your door, Then ye took Me in and fed Me, And I thirsted never more. I was naked, and ye clothed Me, Called on Me when I was sore; When I in a prison languished, Then ye came to Me the more. Would ye know when these things happened And ye did as brothers should, Giving to the poor and needy That which seemed to do most good? Inasmuch as ye have done it To My brethren, though they be Poor, outcast, despised, forsaken, Ye have done it unto Me."

—Arthur Domville Davis.

A Visit to a Rescue Home.

"Oh, yes, we are right; this is 28 Cook Street, the St. John's Rescue Home."

"This too good for a Rescue Home, did you say? That is where we differ in opinion; but it is lovely, we grant."

"Here is the Adjutant coming."

"Thank you, Adjutant, we shall be delighted to have the pleasure of seeing through the Home."

Here within the sheltering walls of this and similar institutions, the wail of helpless infancy but seems a voice rising from heaven, of crushed hopes, ruined, broken lives, blighted prospects, torn hearts and sorrow-stricken homes.

"Why, oh, why?" sounds out on every breeze, and in answer to this weird query, hark, the strains of sweet song steal through that open window.

Hush! the Adjutant and her noble staff have gathered with "the girls" in the ample sewing room for a meeting. The staff of workers at present consists of Ensign Butler, the tried and true assistant who, when the Home was crowded, and sickness came, stood so nobly to her post; Lieut. Peddock, who in spite of failing health shows daily the most devoted and self-sacrificing spirit; the Sergeant, who, though a new addition to the staff of brave women, is doing marvelously.

Just one peep around the room satisfies us that here, as elsewhere throughout the Home, from laundry and nursery to reception room, good taste is the predominating feature.

Yes, the meeting is in full swing now. See those earnest faces. Note the saintly expression on those sweet upturned countenances. Watch the love-light that glows and sparkles in the expressive eye of those devoted workers—that is, provided you can be as irreverent as "yours humbly" and open your eyes just long enough to see the "divine in the human."

Are those sweet strains of "hope for the hopeless" confined to the four walls of that plain sewing room? Nay; give to that sweet pitch wings thousandfold. Let it tell to every erring one on mother-earth to-day that Jesus loves the immortal soul, still gathers to His pure bosom not only the helpless young lives thrust on an uninviting world, but takes also the poor, crushed mother-heart and sooths—made tenderly than a saint her sobbing babe—the grief and remorse that sin must bring.

Tell them in song, as you kneeling group of women do now, that He receives, pardons, helps, and eternally befriends each wanderer, either man or woman.

Do you wonder, as you hear the pleading tones of that noble woman who has given her life to this service, that three of these girls have already left their places and are now kneeling at a temporary pentitent form, soon to rise pardoned, and rejoice in the never-failing Saviour's love.

That girl, so apparently thoughtless, comes first a humble, penitent soul. Beautifully bright is her testimony, as is that of her companion.

"Jesus does satisfy" breathes in sweetest strains as each dear girl and helper bid an affectionate good-night to their weary, yet happy, matron.

"Yes, by all means we shall be delighted to see the babies in daylight!"

Such a pretty group! See the pure fun gleaming in the eyes of those rosy-cheeked boys. See the soft blue eyes of those precious girls, ranging from eighteen months to two days old (including two pairs of twins), and see that quaint "Japanese doll," as Lieutenant laughingly calls her.

How bright would be many an empty home, from which "the sweet bird has flown," were that empty cot filled with one of those tiny forms, whose shining eyes look up to your face with that trustful expression that tells you that they have never yet been haunted by that dire foe of childhood—gaiety fear.—Rambler.

Beware of little expenses; a small leak will sink a great ship.

LATEST NEWS

FROM THE FRONT

Press Wires.

St. John, N.B., Sept. 10.

Editor War Cry, Toronto.—

Brigadier and Mrs. Turner received with open arms by Eastern troops. Enthusiastic gatherings all day Sunday at No. 1 Building packed with attentive listeners. Hundreds flocked around the open-air. City press speaks in highest terms of the Brigadier's addresses. Finances A 1. Three souls at the cross. Representative speakers pledged loyalty to new leaders.

Monday evening impressive farewell of fourteen Cadets for Toronto Training Home, Brigadier and Mrs. Turner leading, assisted by Major and Mrs. Phillips and city officers. Glorious finish. Sixteen souls at the cross. Full report to follow.—Adjt. Thompson.

MONTRÉAL.

Brigadier and Mrs. Hargrave, our new Provincial Officers received loyal welcome to the commercial metropolis. City officers in council make unstinted pledges of loyalty. Soldiers and friends give enthusiastic welcome. Mrs. Hargrave's singing captivated audiences outside and in, and first Suday's engagements resulted in seven capture for our King. Our new P. O.'s, their two daughters, and Capt. Maisey, are already feeling at home, and are now in for tackling the sterner problems of this war. Victory is our motto.—Staff-Capt. Moore.

KINGSTON, ONT.

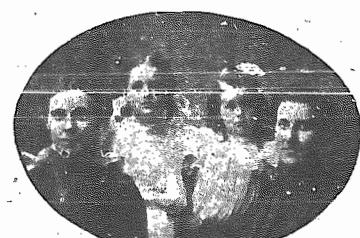
Wonderful week-end meeting conducted by Staff-Capt. McLean and Envoy Hodges. Large crowds at all the meetings, in the open-air and indoors. Much conviction and two souls. Major Andrews, from U.S.A., assisted in night meeting. Monday night a tremendous crowd witnessed the moving pictures, which are the best ever seen in Kingston. Many phases of Army work exhibited. Big times expected when Male Quartette visits at end of the month. Kingston is moving in the right direction.—Lieut. Gartlan.

Headquarters Specials.

Ensign White spent a profitable Sunday at Lissgar St. He reports that the band is doing splendidly. They were out to five open-air and worked hard in the meetings all day. Crowds are increasing, finances good, and two souls sought the Saviour.

Lieuts. Pattenden and Hebberton lately visited Newmarket, and say that the average attendance still continues and finances are well up. A number of souls have come to Christ lately in this town, and the spiritual side of the work is steadily improving.

Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Miller led the forces on at Lippincott, and were cheered in their labors. Much interest centres round the afternoon meetings in the park. A trio of women-staff assisted at the night meeting—Mrs. Staff-Capt. Attwell, McLean, and Hay.



Ensign Miller, Capt. Snow, and Two Little Daughters of Sgt.-Major Shea, of Woodstock, N.B.

CORPS BULLETINS

BLACK ISLAND. On August 21st we were Adj't. Ogilvie Visits, favored with a visit from Adj't. Ogilvie. We all enjoyed the meeting she conducted. It was a season of blessing. The soldiers were encouraged to go on and prove true to the dear old flag. In spite of pouring rain, quite a number turned out.—Capt. H. Wilshire.

BRAMPTON. The week-end meetings Under Conviction,ings were well attended, and our finances were extra good. Capt. Church was in charge, and he was well supported by the soldiers and some visiting comrades from Dundas. The open-air meetings were listened to attentively by crowds of people, and the claims of Jesus Christ were urged upon them by testimony, prayer, and song. Several were under deep conviction in the night meeting, but none were willing to make a surrender. Our own souls got blessed and we are determined to fight on for God and the Army, and to pray for the salvation of all.

CALGARY. Ensign Wilson is in Japan After the War, charge while our offices are on rest, and we are having some grand meetings. Last week Adj't. Wakefield, Ensign Charlton, and Capt. Habbick came to help us. We had three souls in the fountain. On Sunday Commissioner Ralston and Staff-Capt. Taylor appeared, and we had a rousing time. Two souls came out in the morning. In the afternoon the Commissioner delivered his lecture, "Japan after the War." At night he dedicated a little baby to God and the Army, and gave a good talk with something in it for everybody. Nine souls came to Jesus as a result.—Soldier.

CHATHAM. We are glad to report Shirt-Sleeve Contests, that our work all round is on the up-grade. Our crowds have kept up fine in spite of hot weather. Our Sunday evening battles have been hellish shirt-sleeve contests, in which a few prisoners have been taken. Our junior work is going on well. We are just doubling our Young Soldier order. Numbers and finances are climbing splendidly and H. F. is an assured success.—Ensign Jarvis.

COLLINGWOOD. On Sunday, September 2nd, A Farewell, our officers, Captains Stevens and Felt, and Capt. A. farewelled. They were loved by all for the real spirit to help those in need. We wish them God's blessing in their new field of labor.—A. Soldier.

DOVERCOURT. After being under canvas for some New Captures, for a few weeks we have got back to our hall. Since our new officers came we have had some lively times. We have had the pleasure of seeing a few wanderers return, and one or two new captures. On Sunday, Sept. 2nd, we had "Us an old warrior," ex-Ensign Wier. We had a fine old time and a glorious windup. One who had ached heart healed.—J. B. for A. W.

FENELON FALLS. We are rejoicing over one One Soul, for Saturday night. On Sunday we had Capt. George Lamb with us. Lieut. Boynton is at his home in Toronto. In the meantime Lieut. Rutherford is hard at work visiting.—Patsy.

GODERICH. We have just welcomed Lieut. Two Souls. Pearson to our midst. On Sunday two souls surrendered to God. On Monday night our Financial Special gave us a visit. The pictures, "Love and Sorrow," were enjoyed by all.—M. Whales.

GRAND FORKS, B.C. Our week-end meetings One Soul, were times of much blessing. On Sunday night we had one soul surrender to God. Much conviction was in the meeting.—M. Chatterton.

HALIFAX I. On Sunday, August 26th, we welcomed Two Souls, came our new D. O's, Adj't. and Mrs. Carter. We had a good, soul-stirring time, and God honored our efforts with two souls—one for holiness and one for salvation.—F. J. M. P.

INGERSOLL. Four souls returned home to the Four Souls, fold, from which they had wandered many years ago. One had been away for sixteen years. Things seem to be going in the right direction. A nice little brass band has been formed, composed of nine. They were commissioned last week. They play out on Sunday, and are doing well.—P. L. G.

HAILEYBURY. We had Major Rawling and his Eight Souls, — worthy assistant, Ensign Peacock, with us last Friday night. In the open-air Capt. Jenielle Chislett sang "Take off

the old coat and put on the new," which everybody took right hold of and the chorus went with a swing. At the Orange Hall, where we hold our meetings, the Major gave us an interesting address on the history of our work in B. C. and the Yukon among the red men. At the close of the meeting one soul came crying to God for H. M. Lloyd, which makes eight since our last report.—H. M. Lloyd.

LISTOWEL. We have just had a visit from Four Souls. Ensign Edwards, with his ste. option service entitled "Love and Sorrow," which was conducted on Saturday evening, the 1st inst. Over 100 people came to see this instructive and interesting display, and went away well satisfied with their evening's entertainment. On Sunday we had good meetings, conducted by the Ensign, and God blessed our efforts with four souls for the day. The Ensign gave us some very interesting talks during his stay with us, which were very much appreciated by all who came to listen to him.—Lieut. H. Crawford.

MONTREAL I. The final farewell of our Torchlight Procession. P. O's took place on Aug. 29th. An officers' council was held in the afternoon, and this was followed by a torchlight procession. Great crowds lined the route and many came to the inside meeting. All the city corps were united, and a very impressive farewell service was held. Adj't. Orchard's original farewell song was a great hit. The speeches of Brigadier and Mrs. Turner were very affecting.—Tory.

NEWMARKET. We had a visit from the officers' Six Souls, and soldiers of Aurora corps on Wednesday night. The Captain gave us a powerful talk on making ready for the coming of the King, which resulted in three souls crying to God. The week-end meetings were seasons of blessing. God came very near, and three souls sought and found pardon, making a total of six for the week.—G. C. Lieut.

NEW WESTMINSTER. We enjoyed a treat of A Musical Trio, late Ensign Boys, Capt. Blackall, and Capt. Will.

Nutt came over from Vancouver with their instruments and gave us a music-sing service. Our band was out, too, in good numbers, and we had a grand open-air and inside meeting. Capt. Will Nutt is farewelling for the Garrison, Toronto. Will not only knows how to speak, sing, and play, but has a good experience, and we believe God is going to make him a power for good. Commissioner Ralston is to speak here in St. Paul's Reformed Episcopal Church on Thursday night, 30th. We are going to give him a real western welcome.—Dixie 2.

SIMCOE. We are still at it in the H. F. Target Smashed, oil tried way. Five for consecration on Sunday last. Harvest Festival target smashed.—W. J. Hancock.

SHERBROOKE. We had the pleasure of having Nine Souls, with us this week-end Capt. Allen, from P. H. Q. Montreal, and also P. S. M. and Mrs. Fraser of Montreal V., and wonderful times we had. Three souls came out on Saturday night, and on Sunday we finished up with six souls in the fountain. We are sending Mr. Fraser back to Montreal happy and more than pleased with his weekend in Sherbrooke. Capt. Allen and Mrs. Fraser are to stay all week. We are all looking ahead to good times at the Fair, where we are to hold meetings on the grounds.—W. M. F.

STRATFORD. We have said good-bye to A Drunk Saved and our Provincial Officer, Brigadier Upgrade. He paid us a farewell visit, which was appreciated by both soldiers and friends, and we wished him, his wife and family, God-speed. The Brigadier has done several good things for Stratford, not the least amongst them being the marrying of two or three couples. The brass band played "God be with you." Since the officers have been on a short furlough, the soldiers have pitched in and helped Capt. Carter, with the result that the prominent drunk has got saved (and since got sanctified).—Adj't. and Mrs. Blos.

VANCOUVER. It is some weeks now Indian Braves Speak, since we moved from our old hall on Cañal Street to Hastings St. At first we wondered how it would affect our crowds, but we are pleased to be able to say that they are better than ever—crowded to the doors on Sunday night, and a good attendance through the week. Quite a number have been saved, and are taking their stand as Salvationists. During the past week seven precious souls have come to God. We were pleased to have Adj't. Beadle, from Oakland, Cal., with us Sunday night.

He and his wife are enjoying a much-needed rest with friends in the city. On Monday night Brigadier and Mrs. Smeeton conducted the meeting, assisted by Adj't. and Mrs. Gosling, from Port Hope, also the Indian Brass Band and a number of soldiers from the same place. To say we enjoyed it is putting it mild. The Indian soldiers know how to sing, speak and pray, and are always ready, either in their own language or in broken English, to tell of Jesus' love.—M. E. Hayes, Adj't.

VERNON. We have just completed the Opening of Work, opening ceremonies of the Salvation Army work in Vernon. It has been a decided success in every sense of the word. The people are very kind, and the atmosphere real good. Some nights the hall has not been large enough, and many stood outside and listened.

WETASKIWIN. We rejoiced to see five seeking Five Souls, for pardon in our meetings. Two brothers of a soldier in the corps came out, and a mother was made happy in seeing her wandering boy return to God while another mother witnessed her daughter's conversion. Staff-Capt. Taylor was in charge.—Henry.

WINGHAM. Sunday morning, in the holiness Three Souls, meeting we listened to Capt. Rock, as he gave us some good, earnest, and spiritual advice. The bandmaster gave a solo, and the power of God was felt by all. Capt. McLeod led in the afternoon, and after a little music, singing, etc., he read the Word of God and pointed out to all the way of life, and showed to the unconverted the awful state which awaits them in hell. We rejoiced over three souls coming out to the mercy seat; some of these (sons of our comrades Bandsman Holland) have recently come from England, and when young were given to God and the Army. Our comrade's heart was full when he saw his boys returning. The other was the Captain's brother. The evening service was full of blessing. The Captain and his wife gave a duet which was enjoyed by all. At the close we felt helped on in the fight. During the past week we have also had Ensign Edwards.—Chas. L. Robinson, for Captain Rock.

Band Picnic at Hamilton, Bermuda

With the Junior Brass Band off we marched to the Woodlands (an ideal spot, kindly loaned). The junior lasses joined in, shoudering bar-bells. A number of comrades came along from Somerset, but our Southampton friends were, sad to say, left. A little misunderstanding on the part of the officials of the boat caused all this disappointment, for the boat failed to call, and it was too late to mend matters. The officers were all on hand and started right in for a good day's outing.

At the grounds every man knew his duty, and did it. The sisters had refreshments daintily arranged. The gate-keepers stuck to their posts well. Races, tug-of-war, ice cream, and other nice things were freely indulged in by big and little.

The program consisted of band selections, children's drills and fancy marches, concluding with a big open-air service (free to all). Testimonies of the right living were given, with some hearty singing and instrumental selections sandwiched in. Bro. Gen. Tatem, caught in the act of "smelling the contents of an ice cream dish," looked up rather surprised when he was called on for a testimony, but without hesitation came to the ring and gave a good account of himself, as did his better half J. S. S. McLean and your humble servant sang a duet, which took the form of an action song. The juniors sang, and then on our knees, bowed beneath the trees, we sang praises to Him who had changed our sadness to singing. Like David of old, we followed saying: "Let the fields be joyful, and all that is therein, then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice."

The band boys and others worked hard to make this picnic the grand success it was. The band has been able to clear off quite a liability.—N. R. Trickey.

ANNIVERSARY COUNCILS Toronto, Oct. 10 to 15

BILLETS! BILLETS! BILLETS!

All Officers requiring Billets for the above should apply immediately to

LIEUT.-COLONEL GASKIN,
Salvation Temple, Toronto, Ont.

Farewell Meetings

OF THE

Eastern Provincial Officers at St. John.

Colonel and Mrs. Sharp's last Sunday in the Eastern Province was spent at St. John. Assisted by Major Phillips and the Provincial Staff, they led off at old No. 1. From the 7 a.m. knee-drill up till late at night it gradually increased in power till it reached the boiling point. The day's results were fifteen souls at the cross, eight coming for holiness.

The final farewell was on Monday evening. All the city corps united for this occasion, and a number of officers were in from outside.

Major Phillips, who had the privilege of giving the Colonel and Mrs. Sharp a welcome five and a half years ago, was still on the spot, and made a first-class chairman. After the opening song Capt. Lebans and White prayed, and then the Major called on five Captains, viz., Falle, Urquhart, Emery, Ritchie, and Riley, for a string band selection, which was rendered in a most admirable manner.

Treas. Barnes, of No. 1. corps, who is a veteran of the Eastern locals, spoke on behalf of the city men local officers, and Mrs. Morel on behalf of the sister locals.

Ensign Cornish, the officer in charge of No. 1. corps, spoke on behalf of the Staff and Field Officers, and Ensign Prince, of Digby, spoke for the women Staff and Field Officers, and before finishing she delivered a farewell message to Colonel and Mrs. Sharp from Bro. Cole, of Digby corps, who is Chief of Police of that town.

finishing up the Major expressed a desire, as did each speaker of the evening, to again "go west," and have the privilege of fighting under the Colonel.

Although the hour was getting late, scarce one soul had left the building, and when Mrs. Sharp rose to speak the comrades' pent-up feelings could be held no longer, and some little time elapsed before she could proceed. Her words were well-chosen, and God wonderfully sustained her to deliver those wonderful farewell messages, which came direct from the heart of one who loved the people whom God had placed her amongst.

The Colonel, on rising, was loudly clapped and cheered. He most tenderly referred to the valuable assistance of his beloved Chancellors, Major and Mrs. Phillips, and my pen fails to describe the mellow feeling that passed over the audience in the last few minutes.

The meeting was brought to a close by singing, "Were the whole realm of nature mine."

As a last farewell, an officers' tea had been prepared at the Evangeline Home, at which Captain Urquhart spoke for the men field officers, and Capt. Bertha Brace for the women.

Such devotion to leaders as was exhibited around that table is hard to describe. The Major's parting words to the Colonel and his brave wife, touched a little corner in our hearts which had been left alone for many a day, for none felt the separation from the Colonel and Mrs. Sharp more than did Major and Mrs. Phillips.

The Colonel and Mrs. Sharp, also Capt. Riley, in thanking the officers for their kind consideration of them in the past, showed unmistakable signs of being deeply touched at heart. The Colonel said that while he was sorry to leave, he was glad that this was his last farewell meeting with the officers,

future blessing, being followed in English by Ensign Coy.

Staff-Capt. Moore reminded us that farewells and welcomes are much a part of a Salvationist's life, and to meet the desire of a large number who would like to take part in the proceedings, he called for testimonies "as short as a steel trap." The local officers and soldiers of the various corps represented were not slow to respond, and some interesting, personal testimonies were thus spontaneously contributed to blessings received through the nearly six years occupancy of the Provincial command by the Brigadier and his wife. Old and new comers told the same tale of helpfulness and Christ-like ministries, both temporal and spiritual.

One sister who said she was "nearly froze" on landing from the Kensington last March, told how Mrs. Turner had met her when benumbed with wet and cold, bought rubbers, and put them on her feet, and insisted on giving her and her child a warm, comfortable supper. It is not likely that such sisterly acts would be forgotten.

The Bandmaster of No. 1., also a Britisher of recent arrival, declared that the band had received much help and kindness from the Brigadier, and he only hoped the "next man would be just about as good!"

Acquisition of Property.

One of the locals from the Point expressed regret that the Brigadier's term of office had terminated before the scheme for the much-needed new barracks had been realized there. Brigadier Turner's efficiency and determination in carrying through property improvements was commented on incidentally more than once, and when at last his turn to speak came, the worthy P. O. let his soldiers see



A GOOD HARVEST OFFERING.

Adjt. G. P. Thompson, the Financial Special, then spoke, representing the friends and contributors of the Army. He had worked under Colonel and Mrs. Sharp for nearly nine years, at two different periods, and was in a position to know something of their special way of getting along with their officers.

Adjt. Bowering represented the Men's Social, and Adjt. Broaster the Women's Social, each speaking of Colonel and Mrs. Sharp's interest in that branch of the work.

Adjt. Cave, the Cashier, then spoke on behalf of G. P. He referred to the kindly feelings that existed between himself and Colonel and Mrs. Sharp.

At this point the chairman called upon Mrs. Sharp and Capt. Riley (who is also farewell and going with the Colonel) for a duet. They sang, "Never more the cold night" with such earnestness that tears could be seen in not a few eyes over the gathering.

Before reading a farewell address the chairman made some very fitting remarks about the Colonel's work in the Eastern Province. Seven new corps have been opened; there has been an increase of 200 soldiers, while savings in small towns have been built or acquired, at a total value of \$50,000. The War Cry has increased by 1,000 per week, and the special efforts have increased to \$3,000 ahead of that was raised when the Colonel took charge. The Burial Fund has also been inaugurated. In

for many more would floor him altogether. We shall retain those parting words in our hearts, and pray that Colonel and Mrs. Sharp may have as prosperous a time in the Western Province as in the East.—G. P. T.

Brigadier Turner's Farewell Meeting at Montreal.

A united gathering of the five city corps mustered at the University St. barracks on Wednesday, 29th ult., to bid God-speed to the departing Provincial Officer and his wife. The Chancellor, Staff-Capt. Moore, acted as chairman of the proceedings, and presided with characteristic fervor and cheerfulness, remarking that Salvationists are too much accustomed to respond with alacrity to the needs of the war in divers places to allow the ordinary conditions of sadness or gloom at partings to overcome them, or even dominate at a farewell meeting.

Some twenty-four bandmen of No. 1. corps gave a lusty and spirited reception to the Brigadier and party, to the tune of "Shout aloud, Salvation boys," whilst the whole audience rose to their feet to join in the greeting.

A hush overspread the assembly as Pastor Magee positioned the throne in French for present and

that he would fain have remained through the winter to carry out the progressive policy he had formulated in the city. As it was, he was glad to say there were good prospects for the immediate acquisition of a property which will benefit the work in the East End.

Adjt. Orchard contributed a lively and entirely characteristic original farewell song, with swinging chorus, and amongst the other speakers were Professor Villars, Staff-Capt. Moore, and Captain Hurd, the two latter reading loving addresses from their respective constituencies, the Staff and Field Officers of the Province, and the Grace-Before-Meat Agents.

Mrs. Turner's farewell words were few but fervent. In the capacity of a soldier of No. 1. corps, as well as the Provincial Officer's wife, she has fought a good fight at Montreal, to which her testimonies came from many quarters. Her example in this respect remains as a precious legacy to other mothers and wives, both Staff and Field, who perhaps are too ready to offer excuses, and drop in the blinder ranks.

The Brigadier himself responded warmly to all his well-wishers, and labored to give his soldiers some weighty teaching, as though he would fain use every moment in striving to inculcate more deeply the grand old principles and precepts of Salvation Army warfare. His parting text was: "Be thou faithful unto death."



Capt. Traviss.



Capt. Maggie Porter.



A Brace of Brides and Bridegrooms.



Capt. Arthur Jordan.



Lieut. Laura Elliott.

Army Wedding Bells.

Captains Maggie Porter and Robert Traviss United at Sudbury.

Major Rawling, the New Ontario D. O., conducted the wedding ceremony of Capt. Robert Traviss, of the Pacific Province, and Maggie Porter, of the New Ontario Division, at Sudbury, on Monday evening, September 3rd. Sudbury has only had one Army wedding before, consequently great interest was taken, so much so that the barracks was jammed up for the occasion, at twenty-five cents a head. Sister Gertie Porter was Capt. Porter's supporter, while Brother Thomas Watkinson assisted Captain Traviss. The service was a splendid success in every way. Adj't. Mercer, from North Bay, and Capt. Duckworth and Lieut. Hayhoe, from Sturgeon Falls, had come up for the occasion, as well as a number of soldiers. Adj't. Mercer spoke on behalf of the married folks, and of course defended married life, while Ensign Wilson, Capt. Duckworth, and Lieut. Hayhoe were equally enthusiastic on behalf of the young people. Sister Young, of the local corps, spoke on behalf of the married sisters. Of course Capt. Traviss was pleased to be there, as was also his dear wife, who had just changed her name. Sister Porter and Brother Watkinson each had a few words to say, and the meeting was then brought to a close, after which about fifty of the comrades and friends sat down to tea with the D. O. and happy couple.—G. W. F.

Wedding at Barrie.

Capt. Arthur Jordan and Lieut. Laura Elliott United Under the Flag at Barrie by the D. O.

Wedding bells are ringing! Weddings are usually attractive. There is something about them that arouses interest, and this one was certainly no exception to the rule. The night was beautiful and warm, but the barracks was packed to its utmost capacity. Capt. Jordan has labored very successfully in Barrie for nearly a year, and has become very popular, and the people were not at all backward in showing their love for him, nor was the reception accorded. Mrs. Jordan in any sense stinted. Major Rawling, the D. O., was at his best, and put the service through in proper S. A. style. Several comrades, amongst whom were Father Miles, Mrs. N. R. Johnston, Mrs. Roberts, of Dovercourt, Capt. F. Burton, and Mr. Jordan, the groom's father, who had travelled from Chatham for the service, spoke, representing the married and single folks, and expressing their best wishes for the Captain and his bride's future. Ensign W. Peacock and Capt. F. Peacock also spoke. Mrs. Jordan was supported by Capt. Florence Peacock, an old Training Home comrade, while Ensign Walter Peacock, the Divisional Cashier, assisted the groom. The Captain and Mrs. Jordan spoke, expressing their great pleasure at being present, etc. After the service about seventy soldiers and friends sat down to tea with the D. O. and the happy couple. God bless Capt. and Mrs. Jordan.—G. W. F.

A Wedding at Midland.

On Monday, the 4th of September, Brigadier Howell officiated at the marriage ceremony of Captains Battwick and Wadge, at Midland. The barracks was crowded to its utmost capacity. Capt. Duncan, of Montreal, acted as best man, and Lieut. Stimers, who was formerly stationed with Capt. Wadge, acted on this occasion as bridesmaid.

The Rev. Mr. Elliott, of the Presbyterian Church, was present and spoke well of the work and life of the bride, who had at one time been a member of his congregation. Two appropriate solos were rendered by Capt. Crooker, who is in charge of the corps here, and both the bride and bridegroom gave a short address.

After the ceremony Capt. and Mrs. Battwick received warm congratulations from their friends, a large number of whom were present, and who afterwards partook of the hospitality of the parents of the bride at a wedding supper.

Eastern Events.

By Ranger.

Adj't. and Mrs. Carter have arrived at Halifax and assumed command of No. 1. corps. The welcome meeting Sunday evening was conducted by Adj't. Jennings, and resulted in the capture of one back-slider—an old Lieutenant of Adj't. Carter's.

An enthusiastic address of welcome to Adj't. and Mrs. Carter was duly presented, pledging one and all to further service.

The united meeting this week was held at Dartmouth. Amongst those present were Captain and Mrs. Evans and Capt. Laird, of the American field, who have been resting for some time at their old homes in Newfoundland, and are now on their way to take up new appointments. Capt. Ogilvie's heart was doubtless gladdened by the fair-sized collection and the capture of one soul.

Capt. McLean, who has been resting for some months at her home in New Glasgow, has taken a new appointment at St. Stephen.

Capt. Robinson is still booming things at Kentville. Upwards of forty-three have been out for salvation during his term there, and of these a number have become Salvationists.

New Ontario District Notes.

We left Orillia on Wednesday, August 29th, for Barrie, where the Major conducted the wedding of Capt. Jordan and Lieut. Elliott, which is reported elsewhere.

After this service the Major and writer left Barrie at 2.30 a.m. for New Liskeard, arriving there about 2 p.m., where we were met by Capt. Chishet and Lieut. Challicom, who escorted us to the quarters, where the inner man was refreshed. The New Liskeard officers certainly look well after specials, at least they did for us. The work is progressing well here and already one or two good converts have been secured and made into soldiers since the new officers went in. On the occasion of our visit a splendid crowd gathered for our meetings, both inside and out. They were also very generous with their money.

The next day we shifted to Haliburton, or at least to the place where what remains of this town is located. The fire has certainly left its mark, destroying the greater portion of the business section of the place. However, the town will rise again, and will profit in the end by what at one time appeared a serious setback. Already, when we were there, about twenty buildings and shacks had been erected since the fire. Capt. Plant and Lieut. Lloyd, our two big friends, the Lieutenant standing over 6 ft. 3 in. tall, are in charge and full of faith for the future. Our meeting was attended by a fine crowd; in fact, it was the best crowd that ever attended an Army meeting in Haliburton, and they listened very attentively to the Major's address and to the singing, etc. Capt. Chishet and Lieut. Challicom came over to the meeting and assisted considerably. We were also pleased to see a number of the New Liskeard soldiers who had driven over. One bright young fellow came out and accepted pardon.

We journeyed back to North Bay for the Saturday night, where Adj't. and Mrs. Mercer are bravely fighting on. We had nice time together. A medicine fair with a "cure all" interfered considerably with our open-air meeting, but the Lord was with us nevertheless.

After the meeting we boarded the "Imperial Limited" at 11.30 p.m., arriving at Sudbury about 5 a.m., where we were announced to spend the weekend. Rain prevented the usual Sunday morning open-air, but we had a good "go in" afternoon and night, and the Lord gave His blessing. The crowds and collections were specially cheering. Ensign Wilson had made splendid announcements for the weekend meetings, and for the wedding on Monday night. The wedding is reported elsewhere. In addition to the above the Major conducted a very nice meeting with the prisoners at the Sudbury Jail on Sunday afternoon. The Warden received the Major very kindly and offered us any assistance he could render. We were also privileged, through the kindness of Brothers Watkinson and Tower, at

Sudbury, to see the Canadian Copper Plant, a Copper Cliff, Ont. This is a tremendous plant, well worth the time it takes to see it.

Tuesday night found us on our way back home to Sturgeon Falls, with Capt. Duckworth and Lieut. Hayhoe. Our work here has been greatly interfered with by the loss of our hall some months ago. However, a lot has been secured to be built upon, and soon Sturgeon will have a barracks as good as the best. The comrades were quite hopeful that the money could be secured. While at Sturgeon Falls we were also favored with a pass to view the works of the Imperial Paper Mills Co., Limited. There several hundred men are employed. I understand the paper on which the War Cry is printed is made at this mill.

We left Sturgeon Falls the next morning by Orillia a little after six, feeling very tired, but happy. By the time we reached home we had covered considerably over seven hundred miles. This has been a sort of farewell trip for the writer, as doubtless I shall not have the privilege of going over this ground again for some time to come, at any rate. God bless the New Ontario Division, says—Ensign W. Peacock.

Promoted to Glory.

BROTHER MILEHAM, OF CAMPBELLFORD.

The death angel has again visited Campbellford, and taken from our midst Sydney Mileham. Sydney had daily been saved two weeks, to the day, when God called him up higher. But praise to our God who doeth all things well, he had a beautiful experience, and could say, "Thy will be done." His father is a soldier in the Old Country, and was very anxious for him to become an officer in the Salvation Army, but God willed it otherwise, and took him to be with Himself. Our loss is heaven's gain. In the midst of life we are in death. M. Cherrington, Capt.

SISTER MRS. HUGHES, TORONTO JUNCTION.

Death has visited this corps and claimed our beloved and faithful sister, the wife of Bandie Hughes. Our dear comrade was only sick two weeks when God called her home, leaving her children to mourn her loss. Capt. Burgess visited her as she lay in the hospital, asked her if all was well, and our sister testified that Jesus was good and very precious. The funeral service, which was very impressive, was conducted by Adj't. and Capt. Burgess. The corps band turned out full force to pay tribute to a warrior who had laid down the cross for a crown. Adj't. Owen sang "Some day the silver cord will break," while Sister Rosseter, who was our comrade's Captain of the Old Land, testified to the noble example and faithful living of our departed comrade. Capt. Burgess in a few appropriate words spoke of the few months she had had known our sister and the testimony left behind. She also warned us to be prepared against the summons home. Our deepest sympathy goes out to our bereaved relatives. May God sustain and comfort them.

A GOOD KNEE-DRILLER PROMOTED FROM ST. THOMAS.

Adj't. Walker and Adj't. Fred Blass visited a railway wreck at St. Thomas, where Brother Fred, a friend of the Army, received fatal injuries and has since gone to his reward.

He was a Methodist, but a regular attendant knee-drill, and the last Sunday on earth rea-

Songs for Harvest Festival.

MY OFFERING.

Tunes.—Euphony (N.B.B. 116); Stella (N.E.B. 120).

1 O God, what offering shall I give,
To Thee, the Lord of earth and skies?
My soul, my life, my all receive,
A holy, living sacrifice;
Small as it is, 'tis all my store;
More shouldst Thou have if I had more.

Thou hast my flesh, Thy hallowed shrine,
Devoted solely to Thy will;
Here let Thy light for ever shine,
This home still let Thy presence fill;
O Source of life, live, dwell, and move
In me till all my life be love.

Send down Thy likeness from above,
And let my this morning be:
Clothe me with wisdom, patience, love,
With lowliness and purity,
Than gold and pearls more precious far,
And brighter than the morning star.

Lord, arm me with Thy Spirit's might,
Since I am called with Thy great name;
In Thee let all my thoughts unite,
Of all my works be Thou the sum;
Thy love attend me all my days,
And my sole business be Thy praise!

LOVE'S TRIBUTE.

2 Rockingham (N.B.B. 15); It was on this Cross (N.B.B. 8).

Saviour divine, Thou art my King,
Love's tribute to Thy feet I bring;
My all to Thee I consecrate,
My life to Thee I dedicate.

In me display Thy kindly power,
Reign in my heart supreme each hour;
My will into subjection bring
To Thine own will, my Saviour King.

Thou caust, my King, depend on me
To go where'er Thou sendest me;
I'm Thine to suffer, to obey;
And Thou shall have in Thine way.

Devoted to Thy cause I'll be,
As day by day I follow Thee;
For how Thine interests, Lord, are mine,
For Thou art mine and I am Thine.

A SONG OF PRAISE.

3 Scatter Seeds of Kindness
Tune.—Scatter Seeds of Kindness.
Let us praise the Lord of harvest,
For the sunshine and the rain;
For the blessings of the seedtime,
When alone can bring the gain.
Let us join in songs of gladness
In the birds in hedge and wood;
For the mercy of our Father
In bestowing every good.

Chorus.

Then gladly let us praise Him,
Then gladly let us praise Him,
Then gladly let us praise Him,
Till we meet in Harvest-home.

Let us praise the Lord of harvest,
It is He alone that sends
All the fruitfulness we garner
And on which our life depends.
Let us thank Him for His goodness
In the brightness and the shower,
For His gracious care and bounty,
By His own Almighty power.

Let us praise the Lord of harvest,
And with happy voices sing;
While we meet within His temple,
And our freewill offerings bring.
It is just that we should render
To Him thankfulness and praise
For His providence and mercy,
Which hath blessed us all our days.

SALVATION.

— The Reaping Time (B.J. 8, 1); Croppes Sweet (N.B.B. 195, 1); The Fields are White (F. 166, 2).

4 This is the field, the world below,
In which the sower came to sow;
Jesus, the wheat; Satan, the tares;
For so the Word of God declares.

And soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

Most awful truth, and is it so?
Must all the world the harvest know?
Must all before the Judge appear?
Then for the harvest, oh, prepare!

To love my sins—a saint to appear—
To grow with wheat and be a tare—
May serve me white on earth below,
Where tares and wheat together grow.

TOKENS OF MERCY.

Tune.—Come, Shout and Sing.

5 The winter, with its dreariness, its darkness,
cold and storms,
Gave way at length to springtime fair, so full of
joyous charms;
And then the summer time, led by a hand Divine,
Came forth to ripen fruits now gathered in.
Chorus.

The music of our hearts we bring, the love of souls
adame,
We claim all our ransomed powers to glorify the
name
Of God, so good and great, whose gracious hand did
make
The harvest blessings gathered in to-day.

Repaid is now the earthly toil; we labored not in
vain,
Our Father watched our efforts as we scattered
wide the grain;
The buried seed He blessed, His wisdom, without
rest,
Has reaped the harvest, o'er which we rejoice.

Oh, may we learn to give to God as freely as He
gave!

Forbid it Lord, Thy gifts should fall into the silent
grave

Or of an unthankful soul; but may we bring the whole
Of love's return for all we've had from Thee.

WHEN HARVEST DAYS ARE O'ER.

Tune.—When the Harvest Days are O'er.

6 When the harvest days are over,
And the chaff, the wheat, and clover,
Shall be gathered from the fields and stored away,
'Twll be sorted in the morning,
For the good Book gives us warning
That accounts shall be rendered on that day.
If we've laid up heavenly treasure,
We shall reap unstinted measure
In that land of crowns and mansions in the sky.
If we blow an earthly bubble
It will burst and burn like stubble,
When the harvest days are over by-and-bye.

When the harvest days are over
We shall stand before the Judgment-th
We shall know as we are known,
We shall reap as we have sown,
When the harvest days are over.

Day by day the seed we sowing
Is increasing, while 'tis growing;
Wheat on tares, what will the final
What a wailing! What a weeping!
What a sad, eternal reaping,
When the wicked hear His voice: "Beh
Me!"

Let us, like the righteous, rather
Hear the "Weu doot" of the Future
For a mansion He's prepared for you on
Then, in mansions up in Glory,
We'll repeat the old, old story,
When the harvest days are over.

When the summer days are ended
And the crops have all been tended,
And we have gathered for the final harvest
We'll receive our increased measure
In earth's dress or heavenly dress
For we'll reap the kind of seed our lives have
Let us to the righteous labor,
Love ourselves less than our neighbors
Then we'll reap eternal life and never
We will drink of life's pure river,
On its banks we'll rest for ever,
When the harvest days are over.

THE HARVEST IS PASSING.

Tunes.—The Ash Grove (N.B.B. 260); Of (N.B.B. 199).

7 Hark, sinner! while God from on high entreat thee,
And warnings with accents of mercy call to His voice, lost in judgment thee;

The harvest is passing, the summer will be
How oft of thy danger and guilt He hath called
How oft still the message of mercy hath he
Haste, haste, while He waits in His arms of love.

The harvest is passing, the summer will be
Despised and rejected, at length He may call

What anguish and horror thy bosom will feel
Then hast thou, O sinner, while He calls thee;

The harvest is passing, the summer will be

The Saviour will call thee in judgment hence,
Oh, let all thy sins go, and make Him thy home
Now yield Him thy heart, and make haste to be
Him.

The harvest is passing, the summer will be

The harvest is passing, the summer will be

The Fall Councils

FOR ONTARIO

WILL BE HELD AT

Toronto, from October 10th to 15th

FIVE DAYS HEAVEN-ON-EARTH MEETINGS.

PROGRAMME.

Wednesday, October 10th.

Reception to Officers and Soldiers in the Temple, THE COMMISSIONER in command.
His Worship, Mayor Coatsworth, will welcome the Delegates. Refreshments will be provided for Officers and Soldiers in the Council Chamber and Jubilee Hall from 5.30 to 7 p.m.

Thursday, October 11th.

OFFICERS' COUNCILS all day. 8 p.m. Inauguration of SPECIAL HOLINESS CAMPAIGN, conducted by THE COMMISSIONER.

Friday, October 12th.

OFFICERS' COUNCILS.

Saturday, October 13th.

Extraordinary Open-Air Bombardments. 6 p.m. The Chief Secretary will conduct a meeting in the Temple. Prominent Staff Officers will give short addresses.

Sunday, October 14th.

11 a.m. In the Temple the Chief Secretary conduct a Holiness Meeting.

3 p.m. MASSEY HALL. An impressive CICAL MEMORIAL SERVICE, for the Officers and Soldiers now in Heaven, by THE COMMISSIONER, assisted by the entire Staff. Music by Massed special singing by White Robes.

7 p.m. MASSEY HALL. The latest wonderful production of the "Cicala". From Bethlehem to Calvary, by two or three thousand feet. Pictures. The initial cost of the films was upwards of \$10,000, the first time a copy of them in Canada. The service will be by short readings, and splendid Hoffman, Tissot, Holman Hunt. Splendid music by Massed special and appropriate singing.

Monday, October 15th.

All Day with God at the Temple. THE COMMISSIONER in command.